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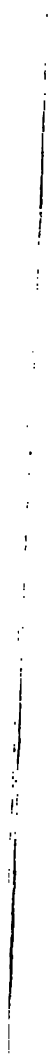


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THE  
GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE CÆSARS;  
OR, THE  
HAG OF THE EARTH  
AND  
SYREN OF THE WATERS:

CONTAINING, BESIDES, A PATHETIC STORY OF

GREED'S VICTIMS  
AND  
DIFFICULTY'S BROKERS,

BY  
ALEXANDER LOOKUP,  
Author of Italy Free, or Our Hero Abroad; Excelsior, or The  
Interesting Young Man and his Friends; The Soldier of the  
People, or The Enlightened Captain and Liberator; Joy for  
the Nations, or The Glorious Discovery; The Road to Uni-  
versal Supernal California, or Revelation of the Kingdom  
of Heaven; The Enlightened Battle, or Confusion of  
Tyrants, &c.

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**ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by**

**M. KENNEDY,**

**In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,  
for the Southern District of New York.**

THE  
GRANDDAUGHTER  
OF THE CAESARS,  
OR,  
HAG OF THE EARTH.

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BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE SURPRISE.

Within the frigid and forbidding shadow of a hall of legislation, the bleak Olympus of unscrupulous wire-pullers, before the twilight hour of assemblage under gaslight of the convenient legislative partisans, stalk back and forth, in affected postures, like the glorious self-elected gods of the position, two noteworthy personages, whose name and character we shall learn by perusing their conversation, which is nearly as follows :

*George Third.* They love our laws ; is there no hope  
To once more win them over to our subjects ?

*Hag of the Earth.* Go to, George ! Keep under my wing ;  
You have a bad name in America.

NOV 19 FEB 1938

The Hag carefully covers King George with her robe, yet he continues to pester her none the less with interruptions.

*George Third.* Have I? What for? I have given them laws, and they love them. Why shouldn't they love our royal self as well?

*Hag of the Gulf.* Dogged George, have you never learnt yet? Will you never profit by misfortune; but, like a fly that has singed his wing, make nearer circles round the dangerous fascination, till at length you fall into the withering flame? O George, George!

*George Third.* Yet, being they love our laws, we must believe

They've still some predilection for ourself.

*Hag of the Gulf.* I tell thee, royal George, if you were discovered in America, and especially if it were known that you presumed to be yet its virtual sovereign ruler, I would not answer for the consequences. In particular, if the citizens had any suspicion that you were lodged and harbored under my respected wing, they would rise up in their might, and substitute God's rapturous laws for my haggard patchwork, and then there would be immediate shipwreck to the whole dynasty of us. O George, my darling George, keep under cover of me [the Hag again carefully covers up restless George with her reputable robe,] and let the thirty-three Legislatures and the thirty-three Governors, and God knows how many more legislatures and governors, nurses for sucking babes of States, yet to come—the more the better—rule for you through my laws, which are your laws you know. What matters it, what between ourselves, we have all the glory and profit, derived from the miserable devils' suffering?

. . . . .

Secrecy is power's forte :  
 Dread suddenness of the earthquake's shock is what  
 Makes it so terrible. Did it show foretoken,  
 Even earthquake were preposterous exhibition,  
 A throe of power for nothing. So do we,  
 Like earthquake, lurk for opportunity,  
 When men, grown over petulant and bold,  
 Have filled the world with their darling castles ;  
 Then sweep like hurricane down, and topple them  
 Into the gulf.

*George Third.* Ay, I see, my lady,  
 Under the wing and cover of State Invention  
 I still must rule invisible, like Satan.

*Hag of the Gulf.* O yes, George !  
 'Twould upset all to exhibit thyself openly,  
 And so with master-craft of the devil, George,  
 Operate at large in intrigue and mystery.

Here passes along a young man whose compressed  
 lip, and well-chiselled features, indicate a charac-  
 ter of extraordinary resolution. The Hag, over-  
 powered by the sharp and penetrating scrutiny of  
 the gentleman, utters a frightful shriek, and  
 sinks backwards in the dutiful arms of her dear  
 George.

*George Third.* O, God ! why do you shriek,  
 Dike mandrake root tore from the earth.

*Hag of the Gulf.* O, see, Scalpel, of Rapturous University !

*George Third.* What dost thou care for him ?

*Hag of the Gulf.* I'll be flayed alive, and all my feature's  
 hideous anatomy made public. O here are the legislatures,  
 the governors, and what not, all startled by my shrieks ; get

under my robe, Georgey ; immediately, Georgey, or you'll be discovered.

Georgey accordingly dives inside of the Hag's crinoline ; in the back of which is a capacious pocket on purpose to open and admit Georgey on such occasions of sudden surprise and terror.

Enter the Legislators.

*1st Legislator.* What's the matter, dear ?

*Hag of the Gulf.* Nothing, but a fright I got by sudden appearance of a fellow yclept Scalpel.

*2d Legislator.* Who's Scalpel ?

*Hag of the Gulf.* Professor of Mental Anatomy in Rapturous University, who, I thought, was prying into, criticising and finding fault with my features.

*1st Legislator.* Where is the man so bold as dares question your features, my dear, endorsed by legislature ?

*2d Legislator.* Are not your features perfection itself, with so many in legislature, with the whole predominant class of Pharisees, I may say, to praise and exalt them ?

*1st Legislator.* Madam, you must go habited in future  
In sable like a perfect decorous model,  
Or special respectable churchgoer.

*Hag of the Gulf.* O no, I'll not !

*2d Legislator.* But you shall ; we are the representatives who compose the legislatures ; your masters, in brief ; and we say, you shall !

Whereupon, with all the suavity compatible with their duty, they take hold of the Madam, and in spite of her termagant struggles, divest her of her scarlet tunic, fringed with ermine ; and of her wig wherein she hitherto looked so sage upon the

bench, an arch impostor from the primitive ages.

*3d Legislator.* Madam, we enact  
That you hereafter do appear in public  
In decent broadcloth, no way differing  
From any other decorous citizen.

*1st Legislator.* Humorsome Madam !  
We here command you to assume that garb  
By our forethought provided.

*Hag of the Gulf.* I'll not. O ye barbarians give me back  
My robe and wig, for I can never deal forth  
The capital law without such regal accessories !

Vociferates the hitherto regal lady, there standing  
in her ragged petticoat, a very indifferent picture

*1st Legislator.* Madam, we have provided  
Far better !

*Hag of the Gulf.* How is it possible ? what ?

*1st Legislator.* A suit of pious and reputable black,  
Than which except extraordinary swarthy forest  
No better covert.

*Hag of the Gulf.* O let me see it !

Her new clothes are shown to the Madam.  
Well, I doubt not, this will do !

*2d Legislator.* Ay, Madam ! you just get inside the pantaloon, and see how beautifully the capital male garment becomes you.

Legislators hold up the pantaloon, while the Madam, after much labor, gets inside. Finally, having assumed her vest, coat and hat, she comes forth, transformed as an enormous puffy gentleman. Last of all, one of her zealous mas



culine waiting-maids puts a gold-headed cane, thick like a baton, in the hands of the magisterial lady in disguise.

. [Exeunt Legislators.

*Hag of the Gulf.* O, George, see they've stript me, these horrid republicans !

George bursts forth in violent expressions of mortification.

*George Third.* Hang them rebels ! Murder them, traitors.

*Hag of the Gulf.* But courage, George. Now I can bluster, bully and cajole infinitely better, George. I'll dumbfound sticklers themselves. I'll carry all before me like red, hot shell. I'll rule America for you, George.

*George Third.* Good, our lady daughter !

*Hag of the Gulf.* You see, these legislators will never give the people the right sort of laws ; but tinker, modify, cook up your laws, George, in different shapes, and season them with new names, and that is all their Babel talk will amount to. O will I not give them original trouble, with so many more hackling laws than ever ?

Dotard George, like a child wrapt in its mother, looks up with satisfied complacency to the particular clever madam.

Exeunt George Third, and Granddaughter of the Cæsars.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE ACCIDENT AND THE LOAN.

Upon a salient point of the bay of New York, stand, at the deathlike hour of midnight, two muffled figures, wistfully speculating concerning a schooner anchored in the gloomy tide.

*George Third.*

I do burn

To scrape out free America from the stern  
Of that pert craft there anchored in the bay !

*Hag of the Earth.*

O George, George,

You're still a perilous and woful bigot.

*George Third.*

A bigot ! How, beloved ?

*Hag of the Earth.*

I must tell thee, George.

You're yet a blockhead, though you'd knocks enough  
To learn thee more expediency, more hypocrisy,  
More temporising, more humoring for the moment  
The headstrong passion, to afterward draw the bridle  
Tighter than ever.

Go to, George ! Trust to me, mistress of law,  
Who deal much more in policy, George, than thou.  
Your dogged advice will not do in this region.  
Well, I've all management, and you none, George,  
Save covertly through me. Know, O dear George,  
That art my father and my husband both,  
Paternally and conjugally related.

Americans, if they tolerate a great deal,  
Do it from magnanimity natural to them ;  
Great spirit that they draw from rapturous breath  
Of matured freedom they suppose they have.

*George Third* O, merciful God, how would real freedom  
Elevate them, if partial freedom's breath  
Have so sublime and rapturous influence !

*Hag of the Gulf.* Ay, ay, George !

*George Third.* Yet, our wife and daughter, am I nettled  
to see Free America at anchor in our port of New York.

*Hag of the Gulf.* I indulge them limitlessly to the name of  
freedom.

I do even, by my creatures, politicians,  
Cheat them to think their freedom most complete.  
More they are flattered with the empty name,  
Less danger they'll consummate real freedom.  
And for 'The Free America' on her stern,  
Better let it remain ; no meaning in it,  
Except as varnish upon antique furniture,  
To fondle and beguile imagination  
Into belief of the original perfect article.  
Let free America be ; for, as I said,  
Though they're good-natured, and will bear a heap,  
Knew they, they wear the yoke of England yet,  
A pyramid of identical State invention,  
'Twould make commotion—yea, such earthquake that  
Would lay flat mountains of impoverishing law,  
Wherewith I oppress their new-fledged liberty

SONG BY GEORGE THE THIRD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

I leave all to you,

Leave all to you, my lady.

Simulating God ;

Expert 'neath hypocrite

Surname of law,

To cozen, cheat, and dupe.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

I leave all to you,

Leave all to you, my lady !

*Hag of Gulf.*

George,

Thou must indeed. What matter if in me,

Perfectly merged are thy prerogatives,

When we in private share the glory of

Dividing and despoiling them, George, my love ?

ANOTHER SONG BY GEORGE THE THIRD.

Hi, our lady ! heigh, our lady !

Ho, our lady, lady !

Our lady tall,

Our lady hum'rous,

That though we're null ourself,

Like scorpion's tail,

Dangerous hinder part of us,

Will sting in our behalf,

Ha ! ha !

Will sting in our behalf.

Avenge the wrong, avenge the wrong,

Done their legitimate king,

Ha ! ha !

*Hag. of the Earth.* That's right ! Courage, O George,  
our father husband !

I govern them, and the first opportunity

Will assist to place a king of thy extraction

Over them, if it be possible.

O never fear !

To seize and appropriate the Free America,

I have creatures ready ; George, I have creatures ready.

*George Third.*

How ?

*Hag of the Earth.* Greed and company !

One out of hundreds of aspiring seconds of mine.

*George Third.* And our's, I hope.

*Hag of the Earth.* George, of course !

Usurers, pirates of the celebrated street,

Whose business is to cozen, dupe and cheat ;

And perfectly cover up their tracks ; smart financiers, whom

The devil himself, were he to engage in law,

Couldn't succeed to o'ertake.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! As, by my heckle and octagonal way of doing business, I do yearly break a multitude of their citizens, so shall I reduce these saucy shipowners as bad as ever Cæsar, or tyrant all powerful could. Ha, ha, ha ! But now, first to make the necessity to entice them into my harassing clutches. Come, George ! Even now, encouraged by my dilatory mode of doing business, Greed and Company are coming to cut the schooner's anchor chain.

Exeunt Granddaughter of the Cæsars and George

Third, arm in arm.

Enter Greed, Grab and Ketchum.

*Grab,* See, in the bay,

There lays the admiration of New York,

The new and clipper ship, America,

*Greed.* Yes, partners, devilish pretty, a perfect witch of the water ! But if you'd devise some prospect of making her your own, then would there be a rational signification to your excitement.

*Ketchum.* But how create the opportunity  
To seize and appropriate the Free America ?

*Grab.* O, why, secretly cut her anchor-chain,

That she may drift in difficulty, whereto  
Impetuous tide apparently hurrying  
To aid her, may, with especial foxlike craft,  
Like politician, run her aground.

*Greed.* Ay, cut her anchor-chain, anything, to bring her  
poor owners into the piratical street for a loan.

*Grab.* Down on her, partners !  
At once, down on her ; cut her anchor chain !  
Immediately, like ambitious powers make  
Expedient opportunity we covet.

*Ketchum.* Down on her ? How, when ?

*Grab.* Now, in a boat,  
With muffled oars, while sleeping are her crew,  
Down, partners, on the Free America,  
And masterly cut adrift the fairy craft !

*Ketchum.* Good !

*Greed.* Any shift  
To drive her needy owners in the street,  
So we may take advantage of them desperate.

*Grab.* Ay, ay, and then,  
Accommodating them to the anxious loan,  
We, like the astute serpent, rapidly twine  
Around them, break them properly, and, in fine,  
Gulp them clean down. Now, about it, partners !

Thereupon, exeunt Greed, Grab, and Ketchum,  
and soon after enter Professor Scalpel and  
Captain Green Stick.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Did the thought never occur to you how  
every arrangement of this anguishing world tends to yet  
more engross a few overgrown whales, and to multiply cor-  
respondingly the innumerable shoals of poor fry ?

*Green Stick.* No, it never did.

*Prof. Scalpel.* You have taken me over your ship, and, faith, sir, she's a beauty, a clipper, a perfect water-witch, as our great country she represents is the clipper and model of all other nations ; yet, sir, are we not altogether so secure, that we can afford, like Heaven, to say that we are perfect and fixed up for ever, like its great rapturous arch, above the covetous and treacherous gulfs of misfortune, howling and roaring in fury beneath us and around us.

*Green Stick.*

What, Professor,

Is't thy intention to turn raven now,  
And flap ill-boding wings in view of family  
Glorying in witching craft, the Free America ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* No, by no means ; yet there exist, my friend, Piratical holds and fastnesses in the land,  
And numerous swarms of greedy birds of prey,  
Roosting in original forest of the laws.

*Green Stick.* No, I'm sure none. The American Republic, like the diamond, is one entire faultless gem.

*Prof. Scalpel.* I grant you, friend, in time with enlightened law,

Giving rent to buy the property, and so  
Guaranteeing the independence of the citizens.

But, to the starting point : What, in America, is to prevent a man's nearest neighbor, if he is more powerful and, avaricious, from devouring him out of house and home ?

*Green Stick.* Why, sir, our laws, our blessed laws ;  
The great Republic's shield, its eternal ægis.

*Prof. Scalpel.* But can you not conceive of the law, or its agents, mixing in with the oppressors ?

*Green Stick.* My God, sir, no—never ! I never could

conceive of it !

*Prof. Scalpel.* I believe you. The fact of such injustice as the law's agents confederating with oppressors would at once lay the axe to our institutions, hallowed soever.

*Green Stick.* O, sir, you're all as frightful a companion  
As traveller through region cut up  
With villainous black defiles, the heavens shut out,  
Who spies suspiciously every avenue !

*Prof. Scalpel.* Good sir, your air is wild, crazy, perfectly desperate.

*Green Stick.* Because you startle me till my fears, like  
a timid hare, scamper away with me.  
I'm wrapt like wilderness in original horror,  
Even haunted with presages sinister  
Of o'erwhelming storms about to invade our future.  
Prophet, whether for good or evil, proceed !

*Prof. Scalpel.* Suppose, now, you'd a neighbor, rich,  
Powerful and avaricious, withal,  
Who in the night did cut your anchor chain ;  
And that your craft, in consequence, drifted on  
A bar, and knocked a hole into her bottom,  
And that to mend it, drove to seek a loan  
Of some rich neighbor, he did craftily thereupon  
Usurp all management ; and, finally,  
Did swallow you all up in spite of law.  
How would you feel ? what would you say ?

*Green Stick.* O horror, direful horror  
Suddenly doth rise like jet black wall of water  
In Bay of Fundy, drowning unaware  
My shuddering invaded shore !

*Prof Scalpel.* Patience ! you were but now complete in se-



curity ; now wilder than water, lashed in spray before a precipice. Patience we do especially need, to look at, yea, dissect out all our social evils, even though we do have to miserably incise and gash our own bosoms in the afflictive necessity.

*Greenstick.* Ay, sir ; ay, ay ! I'll now bear aught, being desperate.

I am shook like the first frostbitten leaf of autumn  
And shriveled from my full-blown confidence  
In the laws to protect us. Proceed, Scalpel !

*Scalpel.* Merchants and shipowners of all men most often experience the hard caprice of fortune.

*Greenstick.* Ay, necessarily, as their riches are entrusted to the boundlessly fickle elements, wind and water.

Re-enter Grab and Ketchum in a skiff, stealing  
within shadow of the pier, projected by the moon-  
light on the water.

Re-enter Greed, covertly, on the pier.

*Greed.* What ship, ahoy ? [From the pier.

*Grab.* O, sir, avast ! none of your business. [In the skiff.

*Greed.* Come out of the shadow, and show yourselves openly like honest craft, or otherwise we good citizens here shall treat you like suspected pirates to a charge of cartridges.

Grab and Ketchum accordingly jump on the pier as bravely as if they had just done a praiseworthy work.

*Prof. Scalpel.* What, the America's broke adrift from her moorings ?

*Green Stick.* My God, 'tis so! Brothers! brothers!

Speaks through trumpet

Awake! Stir ye! arouse! Brothers! arouse!

Brothers, arouse! The America's broke adrift!

*Greed.* Watch! watch! help! watch.

[Enter dock policeman and others.

*Man.* The America's drifting! Forth, and anchor her!

*Policeman,* In vain, she's dashing on the pier.

Accordingly, the same moment thunders the clipper schooner in collision with the pier

Immediately, enter from on board the Free America, Captains Hard Stick and Hickory Stick, brothers, and respectively filling the position of captain and mate of the Free America.

*Greed.* Captain, any injury done to the noble craft?

*Hard Stick.* Ay, sir, I fear, a great hole in her bottom; she leaks like a sieve.

*Greed.* Brave captain, come early to my office in the morning. Not a minute shall the America lay aground, while I have the money withal to float her again. Come early to my office in the morning.

Thereupon exit Greed, followed by his partners, Grab and Ketchum.

*Hard Stick.* Who is the liberal gentleman?

*Policeman.* That's Mr. Greed, a large commission merchant, sir.

*Hard Stick.* Come, brothers! Though we have met with a confounded accident, here, yet, thank God, we do not want for friends to extend us the hand of succor. Come, brother!

So saying, exeunt Hard, Hickory, Green and Scalpel.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE SETTLEMENT AND FALLING OUT.

The Loan has been procured ; and now, some few months after, comes up the Settlement. Hard, Hickory, and Green, are noisily protesting, in the counting-room of Greed & Co., against usury, with which they have been charged, in presence of Greed, the head of the firm, who prudently keeps his own counsel.

*Hard.* How much does your claim on the Free America foot up ?

*Greed.* There's every item writ in black and white.

*Hard.* This is your claim, is it, eh ?

*Greed.* Ay !

*Hard.* Well, then, I'll tell you, plainly, you are an arrant villain, Greed !

*Greed.* Sir, take care what you say !

*Hard.* Mince phrases to an avaricious shark ?

No, but the rather speak my mind more openly.

Sir, you're a villain ; but your avarice

Will profit you not. We'll not pay it, Greed.

*Hickory.* Sir, we're not bound to pay you ought.

Except the loan and legal interest.

*Green.* Pray, Mr. Greed, do settle with us for that ; let us have back our father's ship.

*Hickory.* What, worthy sir, will you no answer make ?

*Hard.* Are we to lose the ship for that small leak ?

Is it accommodating countrymen to a loan

To cut them out of all like greedy pirate ?

*Hickory* He's a still devil, is Greed.

[*Aside.*

*Hard.* As still and calculating as craven deep,  
That having once disastrous entrance made,  
Proceeds to swallow the unfortunate ship.

*Hickory.* Greed, why will you drive us into the toils of a lawsuit?

*Hard.* If he do, he'll get the worst of it, I warrant; his loan is forfeited by usury.

*Green.* O I trust, Mr. Greed, you can let us off! This is our father's craft, entrusted to us; and if we lose it, 'twould break his dear old heart! I know Mr. Greed can let us off.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Greed saith nothing [*aside*]. Greed meditates. O, Greed's prudent. Greed's cautious. Greed knows enough.

*Hard.* By the Eternal, you'll never get rid of us, Greed. Do you think with usury of a hundred per cent. to get our ship for nothing?

*Hickory.* You'll set the Free America back, or, by heaven, we'll lead you a dance through the law courts, which will considerably reduce your stock of cash, Greed.

Hereon enters old Mr. Stick, tottering in tremulous alarm into the counting-room.

*Old Captain Stick,* O dear, here's Hard and Hickory both got

Into a direful, violent dispute

With Mr. Greed! O dear, how unfortunate!

*Prof. Scalpel.* Ay, they have given Greed broadsides, but with no hope as yet of winning his capitulation.

*Hard.* Greed is unreasonable, Greed's a pirate.  
Not satisfied with less than all the ship.

*Old Captain Stick.* My saucy, petulant boy, go you aside,  
Pray you, a few words, Mr. Greed.

*Hard.* Father,  
Preposterous, to implore a shark for mercy.

*Old Captain Stick.* O yet, no profit to get up a feud !  
Mr. Greed, I'm assured, will do what is right,  
And moderate his claim !

*Hard.* No, he wants to get the ship.  
No way, but by law's hook, haul him quick up,  
And cut him open to obtain our right.

*Old Capt. Stick.* Stop ! my foolhardy boys, stop !

*Hard.* What stop for, father ? Stop for Greed ?  
We're enlightened free Americans, who accept  
No injury ; respect no authority but right,  
And especially abhor greed.

*Hickory.* Respect Greed ! I do here requite  
Infernal monster, Greed, with eternal hate.

Exit Greed, suddenly.

*Green.* Greed has abruptly left, which, good father, is  
a negative answer to your entreaty in preparation.

*Hard.* Come, the law settle it ! My blood is up,  
And I'll ne'er sleep till I am even with Greed.

Sleep ! No more sleep for us, I guess, till we do get back  
our rights. Sleep ! Did we suffer it, our wives, yea, our  
children, would despise us. Our own flesh and blood would  
make rebellious head against us, and we'd die miserable, like  
cowards.

Hereupon exeunt Hard, Hickory, Green, old Capt.  
Stick, and Prof. Scalpel.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TEMPTATION.

Here in the street outside of Greed & Co's, we meet the victims of the unscrupulous financiering propensities of the members of that flourishing firm.

*Captain Hard.* Then, the law settle it !

*Prof. Scalpel.* Law, or, rather, State Invention, will assume to settle it, fast enough, having usurped God Almighty's place ; with endless rent and tax inventions, (the counter of Enlightened Law, giving rent to buy the property,) putting the world down in a gulf, and so straitening and shipwrecking it in manifold ways.

*Captain Hard.* You are a prejudiced, ay, phrenzied fool,  
To rail so unmeasuredly at gracious law.  
Away ! Law waves us toward her august palace,  
To deal impartial justice forth, and extort  
Our arrested rights from Greed.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Go not to law ! I avow, I do maintain, to appeal to Law is undertaking desperate as a dreary overland journey to the Northern Ocean ; at the end of it, certain to meet with more frozen obstruction than ever ; mountains of ice, deserts of snow, pyramids of judgments piled upon a heap of dead ; everlasting poverty as the portion of the few wretched and distracted living. Go not to law ! That is it, for a poor man to go to law with a rich, crafty, intriguing neighbor. Go not to law !

*Captain Hard.* Why, sir, law is the perfect fair creation  
Of reason, justice, truth, heaven's own handmaiden.

*Prof. Scalpel.* A hypocrite monster ! Have nothing to do  
With law, rather State Invention.

*Captain Hard.* Tut ! Of necessity we must fight Greed.  
He is our enemy, who advises not.

Hereupon enter the Hag of the Earth and George  
Third, dressed in citizen's clothes, the former perfectly  
disguised like a tall and genteel gentleman,  
in broadcloth, black, of course,

*Hag of the Earth.* Ha ! some most imbittering matter,  
to so unmeasuredly excite you hardy sons of Neptune. Let  
me know the reason ?

The Madam disguised in gentleman's apparel, is  
soon enlightened by the aggrieved complainants.  
A lawsuit threatened ! What are the grounds for it ?

*Captain Hard.* Greed and Company did some time ago  
loan a trifle on the Free America, and, what with usury,  
what with one charge and another exorbitant, they already  
claim all the ship.

*Hag of the Earth.* I am a lawyer, let me see Greed's account.

The documents are put into the hands of this grand  
condescending patron and officious adviser of humanity.

If usurious, I advise you to address the law ;  
For, probably, gentlemen, Greed's claim is forfeited

By unlawful interest ; usury, in a word.

The Hag with the aid of her gold spectacles affects to intently study the documents, meanwhile puffing a fragrant Havanna. George, during the interim, stares vacantly like a confirmed idiot, or a miserable person rendered crazy by reason of losses and perplexities.

*Captain Hard.* But for the law's

Beneficent, philanthropic bridle, I'd  
Fight Greed to death for my arrested right.

*Hickory Stick.* I abominate  
Greed like the Devil.

*Captain Hard.* Brother, little Greed careth for your hate ;  
Wrapt like cold-blooded shark in selfishness complete.

Here enter out of Greed & Co.'s counting room,  
Merchant William Greed and Old Captain  
Stick.

*Greed.* Well, sir, we would in the first place ;  
But, since your sons have called us villainous names,  
We'll not abate iota of our claims.

*Old Capt. Stick.* O my rash boys, you have a chasm  
opened  
Almost impossible to close up !

*Hard.* O, I guess, Greed makes chasm and despairing void  
enough in his neighborhood, without extra aid of our hatred,  
father !

*Old Captain Stick.* O my rash boys !  
Your explosive passions have opened breach



Hard to bridge over.

*Hickory.* I abominate

Greed, above all things, worse than the devil far !

*Greed.* Sir, I guess, this won't help you to deliver  
The Free America from her difficulty.

*Hickory.* Bah, sir, you are a villain, who never mea-  
right at all.

*Greed.* Sir, you but plague yourself, breeding more tro-  
ble by this hot language.

*Hickory.* Greed, you're a craven villain, a treacherous v-  
lain

Who sought an entrance but to ruin us,  
And admirably like water work us out  
Of all the ship.

*Captain Hard.* But O, by the eternal God,  
Greed, w'ell give trouble ; yea, choke up thy crop,  
Wert all as devilish as fate itself,  
As craving as hell's own insatiate gulf !

Thereon abruptly exits Merchant Greed, walkin-  
into his counting room.

*Hag of the Earth.* O most exorbitant and usurious ! Ha !  
Greed up !

Address the law ; claim he has none to the ship ;  
Must set it back, with damages to boot.

*Captain Hard.* What ?

*Hag of the Earth.* Address the law ! Immediately bring u-  
Greed !

*Capt. Hickory.* O, doubt not we shall fight  
The brute so barbarous, as to offer to devour us altogether,  
entirely.

*Hag of the Earth.* Being Greed's like the beast, has eat  
Too great a meal of something flatulent,  
Difficult to digest, and swells and bursts by it,  
He's at your mercy, I may say, complete.

*Capt. Hard Stick.* O, we'll follow him up !

*Capt. Hickory.* Good, gentlemen, being as Greed,  
Is such a perfect enemy and devil,  
We'd follow him up though the pathway lead  
Down into hell and cavernous pit of fire.

*Hag of the Earth.* Follow Greed up !  
O you have all advantage in the fight !  
Greed, being gluttoned, in his awkward plunges,  
Will fall a ready prey

*Capt. Hard.* So shall we have our revenge.

*Capt. Hickory.* Ay, we shall immediately  
Sue Greed.

*Hag of the Earth.* Do, for the court's inclined  
More favorable, to award a greater judgment,  
When suits took up in early heat and glow  
Of injury. If time elapse, the suit  
Doth cool and take indifferent frigid shape.

*Old Captain Stick.* Thank you, good gentleman ! We'll  
immediately  
Sue villainous Greed to extort our arrested right.

*Hag of the Earth.* Of all the legion who follow law,  
I advise you, go to Sampson Brass.

*Capt. Hard.* We shall have him in view. Thanks, gentleman !

*Capt. Hickory.* We'll retain Sampson Brass to put Greed  
through

In proper form of law.

*Prof. Scalpel.* That's the Hag of the Earth  
Disguised in citizen's dress.

*Green Stick.* It is ? Who's the Hag of the Earth ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* I'll tell you hereafter.

*Green Stick.* Who's the other with her ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* George, her paramour !

*Green Stick.* Now, who's George ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* I'll tell you hereafter ; for, as yet, you are not  
prepared, through harrowing misfortune and ill luck in law,  
for the startling disclosure.

*Green Stick.* I'll stop and make a note, as you so often tell  
me to do.

Exit the Hag of the Earth with George on her  
arm.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Ay, make a note. See the Hag of the  
Earth, masked like a sainted gentleman, having took her  
George's arm, walks off with dignified self-complacency ; feel-  
ing piously elated in herself for having bestowed so much ad-  
vice gratis : to do anything gratuitous being the rarest thing  
in the world with her ; having discharged a first duty and

obligation to society to bring up a rich and powerful offender, though the poor men do shiver their little fortunes to do it.

Make a note !

Go not to law ! As soon may a poor wight,  
By wrestling, hope to throw a pyramid,  
As from rich knave enforce his right !

*Hard.* Well, now, that was an exquisite fine gentleman, whoever the other was.

*Scalpel.* Captain, a Pharisee,  
To speak so exceeding fair in praise of law,  
More properly, State Invention.

*Hard.* What, sir ?

*Scalpel.* My dear Captain Hard Stick, you must know there's a certain locquacious woman of matchless brazen effrontery, who continually goes all about town drumming unfortunate aggrieved men as you into the law courts ; yea, with concealed craft and fury, like fire in the partition walls of a house, treacherously imbittering grievances to the greatest possible extent.

*Hard.* Bosh !

*Green.* No, it isn't. Mr. Scalpel has a lynx eye for distinguishing monsters.

*Scalpel.* Why, sir, she that cozened you so to go into law, is none other than the Hag of the Earth, hypocritically disguised as her custom, and the other with her, George the Third, her paramour.

*Hard.* Psha, sir, you're visionary, a glorious fool !

*Scalpel.* You'll not say that, Captain, when you've concluded your heavy settlement with the devilish law ; no visionary, but honored prophet, then.

*Hard.* Look ye !

I'd even fight through pyramid to come at

My enemy !

*Scalpel.* Good ! then you've got it in State Invention.

*Hard.* What ?

I'd fight through pyramid, as I'll do yet,

To come at Greed !

*Scalpel.* Good, captain that you're valiant, no one doubts,

But what will all your capital pluck avail

In spiderlike maze of law, where, more you fight,

Deeper you get into the deadly trap ?

*Hard.* Come along, brothers, we'll get at Greed somehow.

Immediately we to Sampson Brass's office.

Exeunt Hard, Hickory, Green, Old Captain Stick  
and Prof. Scalpel.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE MIDNIGHT CONVOCATION.

The celebrated Lady, and her most congenial Husband in disguise, whose acquaintance we have already made, are now at their hotel having an orgie and glorification over the cheering prospect of a rapidly increasing business. Accordingly, the present chapter, which faithfully records their conversation, with their motives and secret springs of action, may be said to exemplify the overwhelming arrogance, the ingrained selfishness and inhumanity, and the indifference and heartlessness of great personages in general.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ha, ha, ha ! The Sticks and Greeds are the brave ones to create me lawsuits ; to operate distractions of business ; to draw idle crowds to my courts ; to make gossip and scandal redounding yet more to my unbounded profit. Ha, ha, ha !

The Sticks have innumerable motives for fight. In the first place, they were no true Sticks not to fight ; but the goad chiefest to fight of all is the insult and contempt to their manhood, perpetrated by Greed and Company. Did they swallow such an injury from another without satisfaction, their wife, and children, and neighbors, would cry, coward ; out on you corrupt Sticks. Heaven and earth would appear to cry out. They'll never be at ease again in their hearts, never, until they have brought up Greed and Company. They are doing

a patriotic thing, prosecuting pirates ; their action will benefit the country. They look, too, with implicit confidence to the law, to vindicate the right.

*George Third.* Ay, madam, to glorify and magnify our system above all things ; to foster the shrewd endorsers of power at every opportunity ; and, crushing the multitude into the mire by taxation, so prepare the several graduated steps and degrees towards a throne and sceptre for an heir of our body

*Hag of the Earth.* Witness thou,

O, George, how gloriously, gloriously, I  
Soul of Invention, turn men's inborn love  
Of fight unto my profit !

*George Third.* Ay, our tall daughter !

*Hag of the Earth.* Well said, George ! Daughter and wife both !

*George Third.* Indeed, our wife and daughter, we depend  
On thee, to enslave them ; bring them yet over  
To accept an heir born of our royal body.

*Hag of the Earth.* Heart, heart, great George, our  
King !

*George Third.* O yet encourage us with proofs of fortune !  
Invigorate our injured heart, depressed  
By the notorious rebellion,

*Hag of the Earth.* Dear George, with thirty-three Legislatures, which is about a Legislature for every individual million of the population, I've hampered them with law enough, believe me ; more law than any people in the world

before them have groaned under, believe me ; and I do but await the first opportunity to create a king over them, one of your favored race, if possible, dear George !

If I did want honestly to settle their difference, I'd immediately, without any heart-breaking delay, call a meeting of the parties to the controversy, and inquire into everything and settle it right, straight, at once, and let them all go about their business again, by which the country would mightily benefit.

*George Third.* But that would rob the Family, my dear.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George, and leave the citizens  
leisure

To investigate, and set up independently  
Of me and you, George, my dear ; therefore,  
Suitors to me must pay a tedious court ;  
For impatience of a little, break their heart,  
As impatience' nature is to aggravate.

But to return, my sympathies are with Greed ; because, with shaving and financiering, he is become a man of great property ; and, being Greed needs a strong government of laws, he is mighty bottle-holder and second of mine, George. Ha, ha, ha !

*George Third.* Ay, our tall lady !

We do know politic secrets, not a few.

*Hag of the Earth.* Lead the sanguine suitors on by little and little daily within the dangerous maze of law ; until, appalled by their dark and desperate circumstances, they are



glad of escape on any condition from the Cannibal monsters  
concealed within the involuted institution.

The liquid Deep ne'er drew,  
Nor did exert more crafty undertow,  
Nor dragged its victims toward its dreadful caverns,  
As I do towards my courts, my honorable chambers,  
Ha, ha, ha !

Although the fools of people know it not,  
I'm Power's keep mistress, specially conceived  
To crush and to reduce the populous mass  
To all expedient shapes of wretchedness.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Come, George !

Thereupon depart, arm in arm, the Granddaughter  
of the Cæsars and George Third.

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ENTREATY AND EVASION.

Greed & Co., impressed with their ticklish position in view of a lawsuit created by their inordinate financial rapacity, are anxiously deliberating and conferring about their future course, when enter, unexpectedly, Mrs. Stick and her children

*Greed.* The Sticks are going to give us trouble, partners. They are not going to lay, quietly, in our crops, as they say, and let their substance, as they say, be digested and appropriated by us, as others of our miserable dupes, as they say.

*Grab.* No poor spirited worms, they ; but perfect stickle-backs and hedgehogs that roll up and defy you.

*Ketchum.* That Hard, in particular, is an awful swearing character; and even a barnacle enough to madden a whale.

At this turn of the conference, enter Mrs. Stick and her children, Agnes and Elizabeth.

*Mrs. Stick.* Down, darlings, before Mr. Greed. Embrace his knees, and beg him for our ship ; To liberate the Free America ; To set her back, as you are two poor orphans Thrown otherwise on the bare world.

*Greed.* Grab and Ketchum, did you take the sails out of her ?

*Grab.* Ay, Greed.

*Agnes.* O, good and worthy Mr. Greed,

Let us have back our father's ship,  
And we will ever pray with gratitude  
To God for you and all of yours.

*Elizabeth.* O, Mr. Greed,

Let but the dashing clipper go a trip.  
She'll earn sufficient to pay off the debt,  
That's but a trifle, to the ship herself.

The members of the firm, ashamed to face the wife  
and children of their victims, slip successively out  
of the counting room.

*Mrs. Stick.* Mercy, mercy ! Mr. Greed !

*Agnes.* Set back the Free America.

*Elizabeth.* And we shall ever pray the heaven  
To rain its choicest blessings down upon you.

*Greed.* Greed will make a financial fool of himself.

*Elizabeth.* O, sir, have mercy on yourself !

*Mrs. Stick.* Mercy all round, as you were heaven's special  
almoner !

*Greed.* Pity tugs at my heart-strings. Away, before I  
make a fool of myself by yielding their rights !

Thereon exit Merchant Greed.

*Mrs. Stick.* Home, Elizabeth ! Home, Agnes ! Being  
denied by man,  
Pray all the more to Heaven.

*Agnes.* We have lost nothing,

Having heaven's treasure, we are rich beyond comparison.

Whereupon depart Mrs. Stick and her children  
Agnes and Elizabeth.

Re-enter Greed, Grab and Ketchum.

*Grab.* Partners, we are likely to be food for law, that's a fact.

*Greed.* But, I'm Greed, than whom no man can better look out for himself,

*Ketchum.* Ay, Greed, everybody gives you credit for being a financier of the first water.

*Greed.* To baffle the Sticks, partners, we must compound with Sampson Brass, imp of the Pharisaic Madam, the seeming zealous soul of law.

I know, the Law, like a secret Hag, naturally loves an intriguing suitor ; and, besides, favors the liberal paymaster of her mercenary officers. O, I'll straightway bribe the Madam's imp ! To drop figures of speech, I'll buy up the Sticks, which will be easy when I can advance a dollar for every cent they can boast of.

Enter Sampson Brass.

The Sticks have sued me by you, a very unnecessary proceeding.

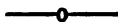
*Brass.* Fie, Greed ! You've swallowed them, as I may say, up. Fie, Greed, you have not left the poor owners so much as one original vestige of their ship. D—— shame, Greed.

*Greed.* Mr. Brass, this is between ourselves. I'll retain

you ; here's forty hundred dollars ; and, when you say it is settled, my cheque is ready for forty hundred more.

*Brass.* Greed, that's what I call whole-souled.

*Greed.* Whole-souled's the way to succeed in the world, which otherwise deserts you like a heartless slattern.



## CHAPTER II.

### SECRETS INADVERTENTLY IMPARTED.

The scene is a park by moonlight, wherein Prof. Scalpel and Green Stick are found occupied in conversation.

*Green Stick.* Scalpel, what do you honestly advise in view of our now being dragged into a dragon lawsuit ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* That your good brothers do employ no lawyers yet, without they first see me. Mayhap, Greed and Company will take less. At all events, there is a way hit on in Rapturous University to, in great measure, dispense with judgment makers and State Invention undertakers ; a hopeful way that looks alone to God of nature ; a perfect way, that inaugurates justice at the start ; in brief, a way to realize millennium, God's Kingdom, the sovereign citizens' universal opulent republic ; a way to put all the people up permanently, and harmoniously like heaven's choir.

*Green Stick.* You have no great idea of the law, or State Invention, as you phrase it.

*Prof. Scalpel.* The word law is much in vogue by hypocrites as a Pharisaic visor. The perfect touch-stone of all law is God and Heaven. If law is not like the direct beneficent issue of God, not entirely according to righteous heaven's own straightforward arrangements, it is no law, but a murdering institution. But how will you know God's law? By its magnanimity, by its perfect beauty, by its being as good for poor as rich. It is always the greatest good of the greatest number, which in every case is likewise the best possible law for all the complex interests of this overwhelming world itself, save and except that of the governing classes, as they are called, who, in our country, are the endless tax and rent contriving politicians and their rowdy seconds, whom Heavenly Enlightened Law, giving rent to buy the property, voted by acclamations of the millions, puts auspiciously aside, and inaugurates a Diamond Union, otherwise, a Kingdom of Heaven.

Equitable Law is the rational standard or rule of Deity, and not the brutal result of a humbugged majority, evident in endless rent and tax-grinding inventions. God's law is vital and creative principle, which operates as an universal organizing Messiah, immediately redeeming humanity out of the contracted Kingdoms of Darkness into Heaven's all comprehensive Kingdom of Light. Such law would be all rent to buy the property; Divine Enlightened Law, the embodiment of the Light of God and the love of our neighbor, got by the united hosannas and acclama-

tions of the citizens, thereupon planting themselves to become their own landlords by rent in instalments.

*Geen Stick.* Hark, footsteps !

*Prof. Scalpel.* Withdraw within the cover of the bushes. Here is the brazen-faced and graceless Hag of the Earth, escorted by her secret paramour, George.

Thereon, enter the Granddaughter of the Cæsars and George Third.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ha ! George, I have glorious monopoly of the business of law in America, Europe, all the earth, kept desperate for my avaricious necessities ; to enrich me and the initiated. God Almighty I do not recognise, though I make great profession of being his agent. Any one that pays me court has got to employ one of my confidential imps, otherwise he cannot sue or obtain justice.

#### SONG

BY THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE CÆSARS.

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

George, we know  
Secrets not a few.

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

Glorious monopoly,  
Crafty mystery,  
Is our law !

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

Glorious rich monopoly  
Is our crafty, covert law !

CHORUS SUNG BY THE HAG AND GEORGE, CONJOINTLY.

Manufactured for our family  
Of the Selfs, Selfs, Selfs ;  
Manufactured for our family  
Of the Royal, Royal Selfs;  
In Pharisaic halls,  
By interested elves,  
Thrifty state midwives,  
To capitally spoil the peoples !  
Ha ! Ha ! Ha !  
To capitally spoil the peoples !

**Exactly** at this moment, Prof. Scalpel advances upon the foreground, writing down in his memorandum book, the words of the triumphal song which he has overheard, whereupon the Hag screams, while George looks wroth and truculent.

*Hag of the Earth.* O that dreadful Scalpel once more !  
*George Third.* What do you care for him ?

*Hag of the Earth.* Nothing, only if the people ever come to know me, as thoroughly as that argus-eyed character, farewell my prestige. It is the judgment day thereupon. Dive inside my robe, George, and, mayhap, under that proper covert, you may walk off unperceived.

George, accordingly, secrets himself in the lady's petticoat.

**Both hurriedly exeunt** thereon, followed by Prof. Scalpel, jotting down his observations.



## CHAPTER III.

SHOWING THE HAG'S PECULIAR PROCLIVITIES.

The scene is Sampson Brass & Co.'s Law Office, presenting a large room surrounded with book cases crammed with legal tomes. The Granddaughter of the Cæsars and George Third, capitally disguised as their custom, are engaged in an interesting conversation

*Hag of the Earth.* Look, George, at the multitude of shelves surrounding the room, all filled up with heckle law books, the despotic halters wherewith I've tied up America.

*George Third.* O capital ! good ! Thanks, our lady ! We see you have imported all the law in the world here to help us to enslave them once more.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George, I have got Heckle Law for them ; Octagonal Law for them, too ; every sort of law but the right sort, George !

*George Third.* Thanks, our lady, everything to work them annoyance. O we do hate them, and never will forgive them for throwing off our royal yoke !

*Hag of the Earth.* Just look, dear George, at  
The innumerable volumes of precedents,  
The most of them derived from Britain, that  
We, with the aristocracy, have enslaved,

*George Third,* Good, good !

Whereupon enter, unperceived, Professor Scalpel and Green Stick.

*Prof. Scalpel.* (aside) Madam, 'tis true.  
Your mortal brood of hypocrites have supplied  
America with enough precedents, but  
The great precedent, God, omitted.

*Hag of the Earth.* See, at the numerous tomes on criminal Law.

*Prof. Scalpel.* What wonder, Madam, when,  
With your confederate Sister of the Cavern,  
You have shut up the churches, and even laid  
Embargo on God's largest gift of Light,  
The rapturous Savior and Mediator perfect  
To whom the world will yet look alone  
To consummate heaven and perfection.

*Green Stick.* Ay, I see  
Crimes are the hideous and brute consequence  
Of prevalent Cimmerian midnight.

*George Third.* Our lady, here are quite a great many volumes on all kinds of law. Bravo, Sampson Brass !

*Hag of the Earth.* O George, my pet, my legal husband,  
all the better for you and myself !

*George Third.* We hate them !

*Hag of the Earth.* So do I, having tried to ravage me, as I may say, out of your perfect monarchic arms.

*George Third.* O our capital wife, our love !

Uxorious George embraces the Hag.

*Hag of the Earth.* Come, George ! Sampson Brass is not in  
We'll call back another time.

*Green Stick.* Look, Professor Scalpel, what a pile of books is here !

*Prof Scalpel.* Ay, Sir ! Evidently, if the country is not righteously straight, and sovereignly happy, it is not for the want of state inventions, that, like an endless labyrinth wound around population, are deadly upon trade, industry, enterprise, and the lives of the citizens. The Divine straightforward Enlightened Law, putting the world straight at the beginning ; inaugurating the New Jerusalem, the promised kingdom of righteousness, can only come by the acclamations of the citizens looking away from capitol, the strongholds of the Devil, to omnipresent God and his all surrounding Heaven ; and, after voting it with applauses, thereupon sitting down like kings and priests, the universal inheritors of a property by rent in instalments. But to the purpose of our visit, Is Mr Sampson Brass in ? (Addressing a clerk, who now for the first time makes his appearance.)

*Clerk.* Mr Sampson Brass is not in his office !

*Prof Scalpel.* When will Mr Brass be in his office ?

*Clerk.* After the holidays.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Come, Green !

[Exeunt.]

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE CÆSARS IN HER CHAMBERS.

The august Madam is discovered in broadcloth gravely seated on her immemorial bench. Beside her is a little puffy individual with an animal neck and head, with low brow, and a large hanging jaw, in whom we recognise the Hag's invariable companion, George.

*George Third.* Who's here?

*Hag of the Earth.* I surmise Greed's victims, with a long bill of complaint against the villain, Greed.

*George Third.* Good heavens, I'll be discovered by the mob. Let me inside your petticoat, Madam, prithee!

Upon that, George makes desperate efforts to dive inside of the tall lady's robe.

*Hag of the Earth.* No need, George! sit thee still! Nothing to fear from the simple shipowners, perfectly honest minded; yet in original elementary state; having high conceit of my virtue and impartiality; no more tinctured with suspicions of foul play than infants in the serene hands of their mother.

Here, true to anticipation, enter Old Captain Stick and his sons, Hard and Hickory.

*Hag of the Earth.* Hand me the bill.

The plaintiffs give the bill to the august Madam,

who affects to study it attentively with the aid of her gold spectacles.

"The prayer of the above named plaintiffs sheweth that, and so forth, (turning over the leaves with wonderfully flippant dispatch,) and so forth, and so forth, and the plaintiffs do pray for all such relief in the premises as to your honorable ladyship shall seem fit."

*Captain Hard.* Madam, we are hither sent by Sampson Brass,

An honorable officer of your honorable court,  
To whom we've paid retainer of——

*Old Captain Stick.* Twenty hundred dollars, your ladyship !

*Capt. Hard.* For which we've mortgaged our mother's homestead, your honorable ladyship.

*Capt. Hickory.* But with her approbation, though, brother.

*Capt. Hard.* Why, of course, or how otherwise could we do it ?

*Capt. Hickory.* She is a good woman, wrapt in implicit confidence in your august ladyship.

*Captain Hard.* A rare mother to sacrifice everything to rescue her dear children in a strait.

Enter Prof. Scalpel and Green Stick.

*Prof. Scalpel.* O simple mother, O beguiled children,  
To trust deceitful promises of lawyers,  
All you have in the world now involved !

*Green Stick.* 'Tis usually so.

When breaks one rope, it imperills all the ship.

*Capt. Hickory.* Twenty hundred dollars is a heap of money, your honorable ladyship.

*Capt. Hard.* Fie, brother, what is twenty hundred dollars, when by it we're going to get back the Free America ?

*Capt. Hickory.* And having retained for our attorney, Sampson Brass & Co., conversant with all processes, every practice of your ladyship's court, full assured are we of bringing usurious Greed & Co. to speedy terms.

*Capt. Hard.* Ay, make them set back the Free America in a hurry.

The august Madam on the platform here manifesting by her fidgetty gestures the gusty rising of impatience, the simple complainants kissing their hand to the august Lady and her disguised Husband, then bow and exeunt with perfect gait of heaven-exalted creatures to an adjoining stall in the tall Lady's mansion, to file their complaint against Greed and Company.

*Hag of the Earth.* Montezuma, bloody priest and king,  
Issuing his mandate from his mountain throne,  
Never received more adorable deference  
From trembling millions, than I do.

*George Third.* Ay, ay, our tall spouse !

*Hag of the Earth.* I do exert  
An overpowering fascination

Like great mysterious mountain wrapt apart,  
No end to prayerful suitors and admirers.

*George Third.* Hark, noise of approaching footsteps !

*Hag of the Earth.* More suitors, more suitors, George my dear !

Here enter Greed and Company, the defendants in the litigation, who swear before the Lady's commissioners to the truth of the matters alledged in their several answers ; then hand them to the fashionable Lady to read ; and then exeunt into an adjoining crib of the Lady's, to file their answers according to the forms prescribed by the Lady and her proprietors.

*George Third.* O how gigantic thou art grown !

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George ;  
Thanks to the brutal conquering majority !  
I'm temporal heaven, triumphal arch, whereto  
All look for justice ; nowhere else in the state  
Can they obtain it.

Enter Prof. Scalpel, making notes.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Madam, well said !  
God, perfect Legislator, who would put all right,  
You have anticipated with precedents  
Of the rapacious Britain and what not,  
With laws that wink at wealthy favorite.

*Hag of the Earth.* Truly, I have endless line  
Of devils fastened on each others' throats,

To summarily separate by means of Sheriff.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Ay, and one to accept into grace and favor and the other shove into Tartarus' fire and horror.

*Hag of the Earth.* Stand ye aside, George ! or, rather, get ye into my petticoat ; cloak yourself like a hypocrite. O show not yourself, for the consequences of the discovery of our connection were dreadful to all the Family !

George, accordingly dives instantaneously inside the Madam's robe.

There is that notorious Scalpel ! Come, George !

Thereupon exeunt the Hag and George, followed by Professor Scalpel, writing in his notebook.

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## CHAPTER V.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. THE END FORETOLD.

In consequence of the anguishing dimness of the luminaries of the law, the plaintiffs to see a way out of their thickening perplexities have been compelled to consult a professional stargazer.

Here then we find Hard, Hickory, Green and Scalpel, in an astrologer's apartments, awaiting the entrance of the man of divination.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Beautiful State Inventions, the handiwork of politicians, whose invariable tendency being to brutally di-



vide and impoverish society, have obliterated every trace of the Lord's original Paradise, at once restored again by Heavenly Enlightened Law, giving rent to buy the property, so embodying mankind as an Universal Aristocracy or Sovereign Brotherhood in a Diamond United States, and bringing them into a Kingdom of Heaven under Enlightened, self-supporting Government, equivalent to God's own, by men of heavenly enlightened minds, otherwise the rational saints. Beautiful State Invention Courts, presided over by the furies in broad-cloth ! Appropriate State Inventions, creating for politicians an inglorious heaven of power, and for the honest working masses a hell of impoverishment and of social putrefaction ! Good, honest old Pluto knew none of their modern refined State devices, favoring one suitor to the ruin of another.

*Green Stick.* Well, the guilty one in fault.

*Prof. Scalpel.* No, not at all, more frequently the weaker.

*Hard.* Tut ! tut !

*Prof. Scalpel.* I do hold to it, sir.

Their law, like an oe'rpowering precipice,  
Is full of innumerable sharp and cruel turns ;  
Projections sticking terribly out, and threatening  
To elbow you off into vacancy,  
Unless you do pay handsomely a refresher  
To get assistance round the difficulty.

*Green Stick.* Why, I suppose, lawyers must live and charge for services as well as other people.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Ay, and because of the beggarly and hun-

gry necessities of lawyers, as they have beautiful monopoly of the business, justice languishes, wrongs like giants stalk overgrowing multitudes, the land even wrings with the anguish of thousands of aggrieved people, and unscrupulous financiers are gloriously encouraged in fleecing their numerous victims.

*Hard.* Why, sir, if law were cheap, as that  
Every creature would be into it ;  
Wretches not worthy to exist would hope  
To prove out claims 'gainst neighbors, and so choke  
Wholly the beautiful avenue to justice.

The sudden entrance of the Stargazer here ends the stubborn controversy.

*Green.* Good astrologer, we are come to interrogate of you what the stars, that have their perfect serene eyes upon all creatures, do now augur of our fortunes.

*Hickory.* To enlighten us about a lawsuit, you must know, Mr. Astrologer, wherein we are engaged, heart, soul and body.

*Astrologer.* God pity you !

*Hard.* Why publish, sir, so openly your mind ?

*Astrologer.* Because if I did but have my little finger in law, I'd account myself committed to inevitable bankruptcy.

*Hickory.* Tut, cut the cards ; get out your horoscope !  
And tell us truly, what they predicate  
Concerning lawsuit whereupon we're entered.

The Astrologer does as he is commanded, and anon responds in the subjoined Chaunt.

## CHAUNT.

Ah, wo is me, the lot  
Of the Free America  
Is to be eaten up  
By a moneyed company.

*Hard.* Liar !

*Hickory.* By whom, good astrologer ?

*Astrologer.* Greed, Grab and Ketchum.

*Hard.* I knew, he would lie.

*Hickory.* Indeed, it cannot be.

Justice is most impartially administered

In our enlightened country.

*Astrologer.* Keep out of law, keep out of crafty law,  
The world's great vortex, with its throat so smooth ;  
Its neighborhood alluring, and that hath  
Immeasurable capacity of suction,  
Even drawing down to unfathomable ruin ;  
Confounding victims bad as any sin,  
Even gambling not excepted.

*Prof. Scalpel.* This advice,  
Is honest !

*Astrologist.* Ay, few law-mongers will give you so honest  
an advice.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Worthy astrologer, and undeservedly pro-  
scribed seer !

*Hickory.* O, Astrologer, I do love you, for this, that you, at least, have given sound advice.

*Astrologer.* More than law mongers will always give you.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Pettifogging with its innumerable shifts, its courts, its law-mongers, its judgment-makers dividing the people by State Invention ; its levying sheriffs and marshals, rooting up God's Paradise ; all that confederated and Phari-saic troop of hoary oppressors shall anon follow astrology to oblivion ; overtook with endless contempt, like old Pagan Rome, of whom, however conventionally masked, they are the very pestilent scum and residue.

SONG

By Professor Scalpel, of Rapturous University.

I.

Astrology, astrology,  
Is an ancient art,  
That irreputable now,  
Yet can hardly hurt.

II.

But pettifogging, pettifogging,  
Though more modern craft,  
Is rapid 'st road to ruin,  
Grim misfortune's depth.

—O—

SONG.

By the Astrologer.

I.

Go cultivate patch,  
Upon some bleak mountain,

## THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE CÆSARS ;

There you mayhap grow rich ;  
 But, in law contending,  
 You'll sure turn out a wretch,  
 You'll sure turn out a wretch.

## II.

In all as sorry lurch  
 As the stranded ship,  
 Her cargo strewn upon the beach,  
 Prey to wreckers' greed ;  
 Herself a wreck past hope,  
 Herself a wreck past hope.

—O—

## SONG.

## IN WHICH THEY ALL JOIN.

Hurrah, astrology ! astrology !  
 O I shall back astrology  
 Against their shuffling, pettifogging law !  
 Author of passion,  
 Distraction, vexation ;  
 Child of humbugged majority !  
 World's fierce curse !  
 Good for nothing cross !  
 Liberally sold by loving lawyers ;  
 Liberally sold by loving lawyers ;  
 Sold by loving lawyers,  
 Difficulty's midwives !  
 Who do oftentimes prove wolves, wolves, wolves !

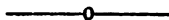
Who do oftentimes prove wolves, wolves, wolves !

Oftentimes prove wolves !

Difficulty's midwives,

Who oftentimes prove wolves !

Hereon, first satisfying the Stargazer with a fee, and a gratuity in addition, depart the shipowners, and the critic, Scalpel, all well pleased with the interview and conversation.



## BOOK III.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIES OF INIQUITY EXPOSED. HOW THE FAMILY HAS  
COME BY ITS GREAT GLORY AND POLITICAL CONSEQUENCE.

The scene is the Hotel or City Palace of the Lady, who figures so largely in this romance. The Hag is enjoying the midnight hours in a confabulation with George.

*Hag of the Earth.* A settlement any way is right in law: The parties look for a settlement, and I settle it for them with a vengeance.

*George Third.* A settlement ! Well, my dear, that's something to be thankful for in a perplexed world, unsettled altogether but for the statutes.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George, without a settlement, minds are fevered, heated, and excited ; the State even endangered.

But, after a settlement, they calm down mightily.

*George Third.* Ay, the judgment settles the loser, that he has enough to do to look out for himself.

*Hag of the Earth.* The successful suitor, of course, is boundlessly gratified, and a great convert to my side. As for the tirade of the loser, nobody believes him. So, to prevent being laughed at, he prudently shuts his mouth. Ha, ha, ha!

*George Third.* Settlement ! What more would the fool have ?

## SONG

By the Granddaughter of the Cæsars.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

I do a great business,

With secrecy, mystery ;

Tyranny, monopoly,

Mainsprings of law.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

I do a great business ;

Everybody loud in my praise,

Excepting some few shabby wretches,

Whom, of course, I ostracise.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

I do a great business.

*Hag of the Earth.* I am, of all queens, the most intriguing in the world.

*George Third.* Ay, the world is all coiled around you, madam.

*Hag of the Earth.* I'm mistress of intrigue, at bottom of

Every toil of this involved world ;  
Involved for our peculiar glory, George !  
Ha, ha, ha !

*George Third.* Ay, our tall Lady, you were begotten, I may say, in intrigue in Legislative Halls, amid an inglorious commerce of the glorious Majority; with chuckling, intriguing politicians and law-makers for your midwives, my tall lady !

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George, and I love an intriguing suitor ; as for a straightforward suitor, I care as little and do as little as for a timid one. Ha, ha, ha !

*George Third.* Yes, we like the bold, dashing suitor, who rushes into law, and spends all his substance in it, for our common benefit and the family's

*Hag of the Earth.* I have laws against barratry, the same as to keep up appearances, I have the judges sworn, but then they are either fiddlesticks or mountebanks.

*George Third.* Capital ! Great good to the people of swearing Fiddlesticks and Mountebanks ! O capital !

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, George, these things are merely to maintain appearances. You know I flourish in a great measure on appearances. Come, George.



## CHAPTER II.

## GRIEVOUS REVELATIONS—THE PLOT DEEPENING.

The scene is Sampson Brass & Co.'s Law Office. Brass, seated at his desk, is suddenly startled by the entrance of Prof. Scalpel, whom, by the sharp, shrewd, cynical turn of his features, he at once suspects as a natural enemy.

*Brass.* Sir, if you've business, speak it at once.

*Scalpel.* I am a friend of the Stick family, Mr. Brass.

*Brass.* Ahem! Tell them, I have wound up Greed and Company. I'll get back the ship for them.

*Scalpel.* I have advised them rather, sir,  
Get back the twenty hundred dollars, they,  
In broken moment of affliction,  
Paid you for doubtful services in law.

*Brass.* You puppy, there's the door; make yourself scarce

*Scalpel.* Twenty hundred dollars for your services, Mr. Brass? Why, sir, the Rapturous Universities dispense law, for nothing.

*Brass.* They are damned fools, they!

*Scalpel.* Law, too, of God and nature; law entirely profitable, rapturous, every way acceptable; whereas your law rather, your State Invention, is always ruin to one side or the other.

*Brass.* Ho, show out the petulant Jackass!

At this juncture, enter Mrs. Stick and her son, Green.

*Mrs. Stick.* What, you, here, Mr. Scalpel ?

*Scalpel.* Ay,  
Entreating Brass, a business which I  
Did volunteer in, most preposterously,

*Brass.* Put out the puppy, ho !

*Mrs. Stick.* Entreating Mr. Brass, Scalpel, for what ?

*Scalpel.* To cancel and give up that mortgage deed,  
Madam, procured upon your lot and homestead.

*Mrs. Stick.* O, Mr. Scalpel, how could you venture to,  
without our authority ?

*Green Stick.* Mr. Scalpel, in this business, you're self com-  
missioned.

*Scalpel.* I know it. I was tempted hither, being Mr. Brass  
was such a capital anatomical subject.

*Brass.* Out with the villain !

*Mrs. Stick.* O pray, Mr. Brass, do believe us, for it is the  
truth, that Mr. Scalpel's entreating here is entirely undesired  
by us ! Now, Scalpel, if you mean well, clear us in this mat-  
ter.

*Scalpel.* Madam, my mission unto Mr. Brass  
You advised not ; voluntarily undertook by me  
Merely for my own mischievous gratification,  
To appease insatiate hankering after subjects  
For my dissections.

*Brass.* The devil ! Out with the rascal, ho !

[Brass's clerk jostles Scalpel back to the threshold.

*Mrs. Stick.* O, Mr. Scalpel, how dare you come hither to  
prejudice us with our counsellor-at-law ?

*Scalpel.* Madam, you are in such desperate bad hands, that you could not possibly be prejudiced any worse by me, but rather benefited for nothing doth keep the like of him straight as fear of impending exposure.

*Brass.* Out with the rascal, I tell you !

The door is shut on Mr. Scalpel, accordingly. Thereot enter Old Stick and his sons, Hard and Hickory. The Hag of the Earth and her George both disguised like pious gentlemen at the same time make their appearance from the back office from among the monstrous pyramids of law books, the hand-books of Pharisees, full of precedents establishing nothing but unprofitable perversion.

*Hag of the Earth.* To bring up Greed,  
And cut him open to obtain your right,  
O, gentlemen, what credit you will get !

*Old Stick.* Indeed, we will. How goes it, Mr. Brass ?

*Brass.* I anticipate judgment daily  
Against the rascals, Greed and Company.

*Hag of the Earth.* O, gentlemen, ye did prudently  
To appeal to law, the pink of piety ;  
Shield of the world, and of man's liberty !

*Old Stick.* Ay, sir, Law's our ægis.  
O, assuredly, we are secure enough,  
With Law's bright representative, Mr. Brass !

*Brass.* Sir, no business at my desk !

*Hard.* I'm looking for an order of court, that, I guess, Brass you've got. Ha, 'tis here !

[Picks up a paper from the desk.

*Brass.* Give me the paper, sir !

*Hard.* Now, a devil of a secret in it ! I'll dive to its damned heart, though, by foul means or fair.

Brass makes efforts to get the paper and grabs part of it away. Hard, on reading the remainder, strikes his forehead with an oath.

*Hard.* O, by G—d !

*Hickory.* What, brother !

*Hard.* Villainy, and damned foul play,  
Looking out under pious mask of law !

*Mrs Stick.* No ! no !

O Hard, you are suspicious ; yea, like water,  
Full of mistrust, and black thoughts making miserable !

*Hard.* Brass, you're the infernal'st scoundrel ever walked.

*Hickory.* What makes you say so, Hard ?

*Hard.* The defendants have  
Entered up judgment ; took default.

*Mrs Stick.* No ! no !

*Hard.* Ay, though ! Look here—' Stick vs Greed. It is decreed by this court, no one appearing for the plaintiffs, that judgment and costs, and so forth, be given for defendants in this suit.'

*Green.* What's this publication about our mother's homestead, my eye has lit on ?

*Hickory.* Heaven and earth ! more surprises !

Whereupon Hard Stick snatches the newspaper from his brother and reads aloud to the family congregated around.

*Hard.* (*Reads*) 'Sheriff's sale. Will be sold on the 15th, inst at 12 M. all that certain lot of ground, and so forth.'

*Hickory.* The 15th ! That's to day. Home, home, if the remorseless hammer of the auctioneer have not already knocked us out of possession !

*Hard.* Brass, I'll blow your villain brains out.

*Brass.* I've anticipated that, sir !

Policemen rush out of closet, with handcuffs, and pinion Hard and Hickory, and hustle them instantly off, followed by old Captain Stick supported by Mrs. Stick and his son Green.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE EVICTION OF THE POOR SHIPOWNERS.

Gathered on the wharf, anticipating a crisis in the affairs of "The Free America," we find Hard, Hickory, old Capt. Stick, Green, and the shrewd friend of the latter, Prof Scalpel.

*Scalpel.* You see how law is all monopoly.

*Green.* Ay, we begin to apprehend there's fearful danger in being tied up to a rascally attorney.

*Scalpel.* I'd as soon be hitched to the devil.

*Gren.* We have paid Brass a fortune, and we are like to reap only perdition.

I fear a fortune is not only gone,  
We've paid for annihilation  
By employing Brass at all.

*Scalpel.* Prize-fights, so much engaged in by the great heroic mass of the people, are fairly managed, and in so far they are honorable to a degree that ought to put many a scoundrel pettifogger to the blush.

Ay, indeed, prize-fights are always managed, fairly and honorably, which is more than can always be said of lawsuits, which at the best are a species of warfare created by the world being involved at the start, in lieu of raptured up every man on his own foundation by Enlightened Law giving rent to buy the property, by which all society would enjoy enormously increased and accelerated commerce, with universal perfection of circumstances.

[Hereon enter Hard, Hickory, and old Capt. Stick.

*Hard.* How now ? Preparations are being made by Greed and Co. to run off the schooner !

*Hickory.* O lost, totally lost, Scalpel ; totally lost, are we all !

*Scalpel.* How ?

*Hickory.* In devilish gale of law.

*Scalpel.* I did warn you not to tamper with the demon institution, serene enticing when you first approach it, but humoursone, and, like the heated tropic atmosphere, lia-

ble to grow suddenly malignant and break forth in tempest overwhelming.

*Green.* Lost, totally lost, judgment decided  
Against us, and decree is made to sell  
Our mother's little property.

*Old Capt Stick.* O foul, foul !

*Hickory.* Ah, her poor all  
Will by the sheriff under auctioneer's hammer  
Be sacrificed to-day.

*Green.* O gracious God Almighty, do brace up  
Mother, to weather it !

*Hickory.* O unfortunate mother ! O betrayed children !

*Green.* Indeed, since we did enter law, we've had nothing  
but tremendous gales, or otherwise momentous calms.

*Hickory.* If we would save ourselves in the gale, now, we  
must all get in the main-top, brother.

*Green.* Where is any main-top in this world, for its un-  
fortunate ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* How property in a crisis depreciates till the  
avaricious alarmists have filled their nets with beggared vic-  
tims, and then how rapidly it rises again ! Hi, hi, hi, ha !  
Make a note ! good People, make a note ! Crafty state machi-  
nery does all that ! Make a note !

*Hard.* We are true born Americans who will never suffer  
an injury unredressed.

*Hickory.* So are we all.

*Hard.* I never knew a man to injure me, but I brought him up, and made him suffer for it.

*Hickory.* Here are Greed, Grab, and Ketchum.

*Hard.* They are yet as afraid as death of me.

[Hereon enter Greed and Company.]

Why, Greed, will you ruin us in the notorious toils of a law-suit ?

Aught in reason; but, good heaven !

*Hickory.* Greed is not idle, though exceeding still ; now serpent-like enlarging his capacity ; lubricating his slippery jaws ; extending his infernal mouth and gullet ; in fine, maturing his plans to get us down and finally dispose of us in his devilish maw.

*Hard.* He's sent for a gang to put us ashore, and run off with "The Free America."

*Hickory.* By heaven, I'll lose my life, or I'll submit From my own ship to be evicted.

*Hard.* I know, what I will do, I'll blow the first man's brains out, that steps aboard of her.

*Hickory.* Greed, I guess you've got hold of a Stick too many, when you undertook to get the better of me.

Immediately, at a signal from Grab, rushes down a gang of desperadoes, who, overpowering the poor shipowners, throw them down on the wharf, and gag them and tie their hands. Then, the mercenaries, jumping on board "The Free America," run off the schooner. Scalpel, as he has glorious opportunity, now performs the part of the "Good Samaritan," and re-



leases the helpless and pinioned shipowners, and, thereupon procuring a carriage, sees the battered mariners driven to their homes.

## CHAPTER IV.

We are come to Mrs. Stick's homestead, mortgaged to Sampson Brass in payment of his fee, and, now, remorselessly sacrificed under the auctioneer's hammer. Old Captain Stick, supported by his wife and youngest son, Green, arrives on the threshold, feeble and tottering, upon the eve of the snap judgment and sale.

*Mrs. Stick.* Welcome, home! Thrice welcome, the dear old familiar home!

*Sheriff's Deputy.* The sale's over! You have come too late.

*Green.* Too late! What?

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Touch nothing! Remove nothing! You are welcome to your wearing apparel; call for it to-morrow.

*Green.* What, sir! This is my mother's property!

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Mac Stranger has got a bill of sale of it from me.

*Green.* Sir, who are you, who make yourself so officious in another's house?

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Sheriff's deputy, and I have just sold to Mac Stranger, who is inside locking up the rooms.

*Old Stick.* Sold, how?

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Look! mortgage foreclosed!

*Old Stick.* Foreclosed! What does that mean?

*Sheriff's Deputy.* That the screws are put down on you, all your substance expressed, and you flattened out, and attenuated like nothing at all.

*Old Stick.* O God !

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Ay, ay, Brass has done the thing efficient, as he always does.

*Old Stick.* 'Tis dear law !

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Law always is ! It is a luxury, sir, is law. Why, did you calculate to have law for nothing ? No, no, lawyers are too acute for that.

*Old Stick.* O God ! how cruelly treated ! I'm rascally ill-treated, O God !

*Mrs. Stick.* Yet, it must be all right. Let us bow to the court's decree.

*Old Stick.* Accursed be all courts, nefarious as serpent's lair ! traitorous, covert, insidious, inevitable crushing in their snaky folds. I have but a few days to live, yet the eternal curse of a true American, as I am, upon every law court.

*Mrs. Stick.* O, husband !

*Sheriff's Deputy.* Why, sir, your cursing amounts to no more than the murmur of one little thwarted drop of water.

*Old Stick.* Hark ye, sir ! ye ignorant dog of rampant hag ! I have but few moments to live, yet, the eternal curse of a true American, as I am, upon every State Invention Court, and upon all professional judgment-makers of every degree, and upon all Pharisees, the interested aiders and abettors of the stereotyped oppressors.

[Enter Mac Stranger.]

*Mrs. Stick.* O pray, Mr. Mac Stranger, let us go in to get our wearing apparel !

*Mac Stranger.* Too late, call to-morrow ! Simple fools to think I have nothing to do but wait on them.

[Exeunt Sheriff's Deputy and Mac Stranger.

*Old Stick.* I'll die here ! I'll die on the threshold, at least !  
Nowhere else, than here, if not in the old house, at least, at  
the door-step.

*Green.* O father, let us remove you to shelter !

*Old Stick.* No, I'll die here. I'll die nowhere else ; than  
here at the door of the dear old house, if not within it.

*Prof. Scalpel.* O God, thou incalculable ocean of creative  
power and glory, enlightening mankind with Thine own bound-  
less intelligence ! O heavenly Father, omnipresent perfec-  
tion, that contemplatest no judgments whatever in thy beau-  
tiful world, but that society should be raptured and united  
like heaven, we thank thee for the approach of the good  
time, even the millenium, when Thine equitable law, divine  
enlightened and solely honest Law, shall be acknowl-  
edged ; no other deserving the dignified name of law ! O  
God, though in the midst of agony, destroyed with cruel and  
treacherous agents of Pharisaic State Invention, yet raptured  
by the true knowledge of Thee, we are enabled to sing in  
joy ! We thank thee, O perfect Lord God of the Universe,  
that mind in our glorious age is being rapidly identified with  
Thee, and that the good time draws nigh when the world  
shall be rid of all mountains and mysteries of iniquity, en-  
titled Legislatures, Congresses, Parliaments, and every and  
all of their exorbitant creatures, the encompassers and destroy-  
ers of Thy Paradise ; and when Thy blessed vital, divine and  
enlightened Law, giving rent to buy the property, alone coun-  
tenanced, will assure prosperity, opulence and happiness mea-  
sureless to all the race of Humanity embraced in Thine Uni-  
versal Eimpire !

*Green.* Father, let us remove thee to some shelter.

*Scalpel.* I proffer him my roof.

*Old Stick.* No, I'll die here. I'll die nowhere else, than here at the door of the dear old house, if not in it.

The old man refuses to be removed from the threshold of the rifled homestead, and soon after, his head pillowed on his son's knees, breathes his last amid the tears of relations and friends.

## CHAPTER V.

The scene is a public place, where we meet Scalpel and Green perambulating according to their custom.

*Scalpel.* Is law honorable fighting ? No, sir ! pettifogging a great deal of it.

*Green.* Law ought to be honorable, there are innumerable honorable judges in America.

*Scalpel.* I grant you, our thirty millions of free Americans probably support more judges than all the rest of the world with its round billion or so.

*Green.* Existing Law, nearly all pettifogging, you say ?

*Scalpel.* Ay, sir ; of all the humbugs, State Invention is the biggest ; and a universally rascally oppression into the bargain.

*Green.* What would you say of our citizens to accept all that the Wirepullers and Lobby-men, who control the Legislatures, put upon them ?

*Scalpel.* That our American citizens are good natured to a degree equalling the magnanimous gods, to bear with so innumerable Legislatures, Courts, and all that. Besides so many

distractions, of elections, etcetra, we are periodically subject to, have hitherto operated against our acute perception of these dreadful abuses, and oppressions.

*Green.* Where is a people so practical ? None, in the known universe, outside of America !

*Scapel.* Ay, indeed, and it only wants the remedy to be pointed out to them for our active, enlightened citizens to embrace it.

*Green.* O sir, where is cure ?

*Scapel.* Alone in Heaven's enlightened daughter, Unity,  
That's got by embracing God especially ;  
And voting thereupon, the Enlightened Law,  
Giving the rent to buy the property ;  
So putting all the world permanently up,  
After harmonious pattern type of heaven  
And her eternal, grand and rapturous arch.

*Green.* O how can any people look so high  
As God, most incomprehensible mystery,  
Without the aid of regularly ordained clergy ?

*Scapel.* Clergy ! Look thro' clergy to God ? Through clergy that have ever been peculiar self stained and interested spectacles, in fact, speculators and traders in religion ? No !

[Hereon, enter, believing themselves alone, and unnoticed, the Granddaughter of the Cæsars and George Third, walking arm-in-arm.]

*Hag of the Earth.* You do see, George, I'm everywhere harrowing them, all over the country, north, south, east and west, scourging their ignorant good nature.

*George Third.* Hang tæm, rebels ! Murder them, traitors !

*Hag of the Earth.* You do see, George, I'm everywhere harrowing them as my haggard nature is ; according to a per-

fect hatred for them that I derive from thee, father ; but that I do capitally mask beneath the popular and acceptable title of law ; the hypocritical'st pretender on earth if I were looked into, but as Law more esteemed than ever was your majesty,

*George Third.* Hang them, rebels ! Murder them, traitors !

*Hag of the Earth.* George, I don't encroach too far on their magnanimous good nature ; for, show them the tyrannous rein too evidently, like their stern forefathers, the devil would not turn them from another revolution.

*George Third.* Manage for George, our tall lady and daughter ! Manage for George ! I'm gone in my dotage. Manage for George !

*Hag of the Earth.* George, know you, how I do put so much on them ?

*George Third.* No, I've no idea, our lady daughter.

*Hag of the Earth.* I blow them with flattery almost beside themselves. I have all the politicians hard at work ; admirable Herculeases for themselves and for us through the heckle and octagonal State-inventions ; travelling the States back and forth ; and lecturing and blowing the people wild with flattery on every possible occasion. O, indeed, it is the paradise of judgment-makers ; of all my creatures, and yours, is America ! They have all management. God is nigh no where, and the people in a dream unmindful of themselves and holy duties.

*George Third.* A fair report, our tall daughter and buxsome lady, rapturing our royal ear, yet murdered with the strife of that unnatural revolution.

*Hag of the Earth.* Courage !  
You live yet covertly in their law, O George !

*George Third.* Law sovereign and infallible like ourself.

*Hag of the Earth.* Infallible, yes ! I'd not hesitate to issue process against God Almighty, if He were to show Himself ; you may be certain, George, I would. Ha, I do hold judgments against God Almighty more than the value of all He hath in the world. What, I'm greater than heavens, I am. I'm above every thing thought of yet. Hi, hi, hi, ha ! Thanks to the Cæsars and the Pharisees. My thanks in addition unto thee, O father of our laws ! Hi, hi, ha !

*George Third.* I do wish the sheriff would arrive to attach the Sticks, a devilish troublesome and vexatious family.

*Hag of the Earth.* Ay, boasting themselves in our defiance, true born Americans, right Puritan Protestant stock, as good as Scotch at sticking in prickly objection on occasions.

*George Third.* A devilish annoying family !

*Hag of the Earth.* Hark, footsteps ! Strangers approach ! Swiftly, George, get thee beneath my robe ! The discovery of our surreptitious connection might blast the family.

[George accordingly dives inside the Granddaughter's crinoline. Made dreadfully uneasy with her suspicions, the Lady, now turning round to scan the prospect, is confronted by Scalpel and Green.]

Ha, thou villainous Jackall, that, with thine exciting declamations, hast awakened the despoiling lions. But I fear not the trial. Nay, I do challenge thee to a comparison of our forces.

*Scalpel.* Accepted, madam ! Name the place and time.

*Hag of the Earth.* At my immemorial Palace, my City Chambers ; the hour, to-night !

*Scalpel.* Good ! I rejoice in the opportunity afforded me.

## CHAPTER VI.

A GLORIOUS REVOLUTION. CELESTIAL JUSTICE INAUGURATED,  
AND THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE CÆSARS DRIVEN OUT.

The scene is the City Chambers of the august Lady who figures so largely in these pages. An immense audience is in anxious attendance. Presently enter on one side the Granddaughter of the Cæsars ; ushering the Holy Convocation of the Saints, Popes, and Cardinals, headed by the Emperor Constantine the Great. Anon enter on the other side, Professor Scalpel, writing observations in his note-book.

*Hag of the Earth.* (whispers them) Hold up your pious hands,  
Ye reverend saints !

[The Saints exalt their hands.

And with the whites of your eyes evident,

[The Saints exhibit the whites of their eyes.]

Squinting to heaven to stand up as witness,

Anathematize Rapturous Universities ;

Pronounce them Lucifer's invention.

*All the Hypocrites.* Dreadful Exodus towards Infidelity !

*Scalpel.* Exodus towards nature, God, and truth.

*Hag of the Earth.* Now look with abhorrence, like the  
North on South,

Upon that Infidel, one of the chief

Heretics of Rapturous University.

[The Saints frown dreadfully on Professor Scalpel.]



*All the Hyp.* Beware ! Traitor, traitor, traitor,  
 Arrant, to question our great granddaughter !  
 Traitor, beware ! traitor, beware !

*Scalpel.* Afraid to question deadly hypocrite,  
 Whom enlightened God of Nature ruleth out ?  
 No, but more resolute to show her up !

[The Hag of the Earth, quakes and quivers, and dismisses  
 her pious flock in a considerable of a hurry.]

*Hag of the Earth.* Now go ye with sufficiently lengthened  
 and chastened visage, chaunting, holy, holy, etcetra !

*All the Hyp.* Holy ! holy ! holy ! holy !

*Scalpel.* Holy Devil !

[Exclaiming with sovereign contempt, as the Saints exeunt.]

*Hag of the Earth.* Atrocious Scalpel ! will you kill me  
 altogether ?

*Scalpel.* Madam, you've killed yourself by this fool-hardy  
 exhibition.

[Hereon enter several breathless persons, who whisper Pro-  
 fessor Scalpel.]

Despair ! your master and ours, likewise, is arrived.

*Hag of the Earth.* Foh ! Foh !

*Scalpel.* Nay, the enlightened People, under Commander  
 General Power, have arisen and united upon all hands  
 against you.

No more, thirty-three different party and piebald legis-  
 latures !

The people of all the world, having unanimously hailed  
 God's rapturous, vital, straitforward, Enlightened Law, giv-  
 ing rent to buy the property, confounded are all Pharisaic  
 Legislatures together.

[Re-enter George the Third in disguise.]

*Hag of the Earth.* O George, these are desperate news,  
I have just now heard !

*George Third.* Our daughter, our lady, wife, what's the  
matter ?

*Hag of the Earth.* The forest recesses, the mountains bearing  
iniquity, to wit, the Legislatures, that were coverts like  
original wilderness for us, rooted up by Commanders General  
Light, Power, and Rapture, dispensing God and Nature's  
laws, no harbor remains for us in the world !

*Scalpel.* None, madam ! All the law of the world now  
Is issued out of Rational University ;  
The laws of God and Nature few and cheap,  
The sovereign people weaned from thee away.  
Great army eating of them up, thy law !  
Thousandfold disastrous, ruinous entirely !

*Hag of the Earth.* O George, I am no more acknowledged !

*Hook.* Wer't fit you should,  
Being a Hag ?

*Scalpel.* Madam,  
Thou art discovered in the perfect light,  
A mortal Pharisee, and hypocrite,  
Of all of whom the world cannot too soon be rid.

*Hag of the Earth.* Discovered ? How ?

*Scalpel.* By general light pervading and magnetically elevating,  
rapturing, and uniting the people ; by general power  
thence accruing, forming humanity into one omnipotent lump ;  
and then, the people, wholly enlightened and sovereign, are  
no more to be opposed than the planet in its irresistible orbit.

*Hag of the Earth.* Where is my precious sister of the cavern ?  
Why doesn't she haste to advise me in the crisis,  
Threatening my existence ?

*Scalpel.* Madam, no more dark superstitions wherewith to thwart humanity remain.

*Hag of the Earth.* Where's my pious sister, I ask ?

*Scalpel.* Having acknowledged light ; capitulated to light ; accepted light, the rational creed of Nature's perfect God ; indeed, you may say, that altogether raptured by the new light, she hath gone over entirely to the people.

*Hag of the Earth.* Gone over to the people ! O, what will George say ? It will break poor George's heart ! O poor George !

*Scalpel.* Madam, great harbor  
Is Rapturous Univerity !

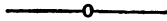
*Hag of the Earth.* I'll none of it. Acknowledge  
My bane and poison ? No, Granddaughter of the Cæsars  
Ne'er brooks reverse !

[Here enter, preceded with divine strains of music, Justitia, and a concourse of citizens.]

*Scalpel.* Madam, behold Justitia, handmaid of God,  
Come to dispense the perfect law of right,  
Enlightened Law, as rapturous, as cheap.

The same moment that she obtains the first sidelong glimpse of the perfect serene Queen of Heaven, and her train of Sovereign Citizens, with a piercing scream that equals the clamor of million sea-fowl when startled from their solitary nestling places by a sudden invader, the Granddaughter of the Cæsars, otherwise the Hag of the Earth, collapses and falls recumbent in the arms of her George, there disguised as a gentleman in a plain suit of sable, who, with superhuman efforts, strides with his burden to the door, whence, both, turning round, with a defiant cachinnation, vanish together like a baleful fog.

## BOOK IV.



### CHAPTER I.

In consequence of a rapturous and much desirable revolution inaugurating Enlightened Law, accomplishing Celestial Justice, and consequent Social Perfection, the Granddaughter of the Cæsars having been abruptly and unexpectedly compelled to evacuate her City Chambers, has here sought a harbor in the Glorious University whereof Scalpel is a professor.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Madam, we do not despair of your reformation ; nay, of your being made completely conformable to the new and-everlastingly rapt and magnetic time, the millennium.

*Prof. Hook.* There's hopeful refuge here in rapturous University. All creatures, desperate however, are here taken in hand, and raptured forward by divine enlightenment toward heavenly perfection.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Homesteads and permanent foundations universally guarantied the millions by Enlightened Law, giving rent to buy the property; and perfect education in Rational and Rapturous Universities, in lieu of Churches, has dried up crime, which all the Cæsars, your Grandfathers, could never do

*Prof. Hook.* Nothing left of the hydra !  
God by enlightenment, true religion,  
Has dried up Hydra of the ages ; Hydra  
You made such dreadful business of reducing ;  
Butchering, in lieu of rapturing it forth,  
Feliculously in Rational Universities.

*Hag of the Earth.* O you Cæsars,  
That hitherto obtained all worship of the ages ;  
Who in your life-time did engross the earth,  
And show illustrious still in history's pages,  
Now impress your marvellous and giant energies  
In aid of your imperilled Granddaughter.

*Prof. Scalpel.* In vain ! The world raptured away,  
By enlightenment, will accept none other now  
Than Heaven's own sweet and perfect law,  
That like the magnet raptures it entirely  
In omnipotent diamond unity.

*Hag of the Earth.* Shall I not go back ?

*Prof. Scalpel.* No, Commander Power, speaking in the  
name of the raptured and united people, says, no !

*Hag of the Earth.* What, never behold my hereditary birth-  
right, the world.

*Prof. Scalpel.* No ! God has judged all things already,  
and there is no need of you. So General Light has taught ;  
so the people have believed ; and the capital result of all is,  
that Commander General Power has drove you out and all  
your hypocrite brood.

*Hag of the Earth.* Lodged with my enemies ?  
O heaven, let me out of this !

*Prof. Scalpel.* O madam, rapturous Universities have so  
enlightened and united mankind, no enemies remain !

*Green Stick.* O drop inveterate habits, madam !  
Join rapturous University !

*Hag of the Earth.* O for a new Napoleon,  
By whirlpool war and meteor attraction,  
To knock the raptured world askew !  
So ho ! so ho ! Napoleon ! so ho ! so ho !

*Prof. Scalpel.* Madam ! Napoleon's now in merited perdition, because he did pursue lurid glory of war, in lieu of transferring to earth Heaven's serene picture.

[Hereon enters in solemn self-abstraction, the portentous shade of Napoleon the Great.]

*Nap. Great.* I am the author of a code, a beautiful code, a most renowned code ; a code that does more to perpetuate my fame than all the gory battles I have fought.

*Scalpel.* Did you not frame that code,  
With a view to perpetuate the Empire ?

[Napoleon abruptly answers, with swelling pride.

*Nap. Great.* Certainly ! To fortify my glory for eternal ages.

*Scalpel.* Despair ! despair, thou selfish legislator for self !  
No code Napoleon in God's raptured Kingdom.

*Nap. Great.* What, world so altered ?

*Scalpel.* God's Kingdom for man's endless happiness.  
You'll be remembered as a startling meteor,  
That sacrificed to the insatiate present,  
Glorious enlightened prospects of hereafter ;  
As one who might have been a fixed star,  
An everlasting part of rapturous heavens ;  
But, by a mad ambition, did become  
The leader to vain glory and disaster  
As great as Lucifer's fool-hardest,

*Nap. Great.* O !

[Buries his face in his hands, and rushes out in a phrenzy of grief and overwhelming trouble of mind.]

*Hag of the Earth.* No hope ! No hope ! No hope !  
Napoleon himself hath given it up.

I'm desperate, and dare the worst ! Quick, let me out !

*Prof. Hook.* Madam, we do use no force to keep you in, save and excepting Light and Rapture, God's own enlightened weapons.

*Hag of the Earth.* Light and Rapture ! 'Tis my death !  
Let me out ! Let me out ! Murder ! murder !

[Rushes to the wrong door and finds it fastened.  
Let me out ! Murder ! murder ! I'm barred in ! Murder !  
murder ! Robbers, ho ! murderers, ho !

[Pulls at the door, and kicks at the panel furiously in expectation of bursting it in. Hook opens the right door.]

*Prof. Hook.* Madam,  
Here's the right door to go out at.

*Hag of the Earth.* Murder ! murder ! Robbers, ho !

[Exit Hag of the Earth hollooming, 'Murder ! murder !  
Robbers, ho !']

*Green Stick.* 'Tis a terrible creature !  
Inveterate of the earth.

*Prof. Scalpel.* Hitherto the vicious cause of the world's  
misery !

## CHAPTER II.

In a poor quarter of the outskirts of the city, under the inky shroud of midnight, a frightful alarm of fire is raised, as a sudden conflagration shoots a lurid glare athwart the darkness, realizing the thickly accumulating horrors of Tartarus.

The startled neighbors, among whom are Scalpel and Green, congregate to witness the scene of ruin.

*Scalpel.* Lo, out of the pursuing flames  
Rushes a desperate victim, clothed in vesture  
Of ardent fire, devouring the poor writhing devil.  
Water! Water! Run for water, one of you.

[Exit bystander.]

Who's the unhappy creature?

*Green.* I'm trying to make out, sir. What, 'tis Greed?

*Scalpel.* Ay, it is Greed. O now, he has caught it!

[Thereupon enter Greed, rushing madly across the stage with his clothes on fire, vociferating water.]

*Greed.* Water! for God's sake, get water and throw over me. Water! For God's sake! Water!

*Green.* Throw yourself down flat Mr. Greed, so will the insatiate flames have less scope over you.

*Scalpel.* Heavens, lay down, your flying about spreads the flames.

*Greed.* Water, for God's sake! Water! Who can lay down in fire?



*Green.* Off with our coats, and wrap them around unfortunate Greed.

[In a moment they have removed their coats, and wrapped them around Greed's body and smothered the flames. Immediately runs up to them a frantic man.]

*Scapel.* What have ye there ?

*A Man.* Sir, look at horror  
More properly of hell than earth.

[Holds up clothes smoking and partly on fire with shreds of hair, skin and flesh attached.]

As I did pull at the unfortunate wretch  
To extricate him from the burning ruin,  
See what did come.

*Green.* O horror, garments, skin and hair,  
His mortal shell, but not the man himself !

*Scapel.* Ay, sir, that's the skin of the serpent—

*Green.* Brass, who destroyed us ! O !

*Scapel.* Come ! Aid Greed, here !

[Thereon exeunt, bearing Greed.]

### CHAPTER III.

SCENE.—A hired room occupied by Green and his mother.  
Greed in bed. Green and Mrs. Stick waiting upon him.

*Greed.* By bribery, and chicanery, I obtained  
Judgment against you. I have got the instrument,

Signed by an idle, imbecile thing of the Bench,  
Here in my pocket.

*Mrs. Stick.* O mercy ! bring it not forth !

[The Merchant searches his pocket.

*Greed.* The ignorant old men who deal in judgments  
Know not the far wrought injury they create !

*Green.* Often-times !

*Greed.* Nor cares the world,  
All on mad race, like Greed, to beat each other.

*Green.* O true enough, Mr. Greed ! Hence the judgment,  
hence the execution, hence our suffering.

*Greed.* Here's the judgment.

*Mrs. Stick.* O mercy ! spare us the sight !

*Greed.* A wrong and wicked thing in any case,  
In this nefarious as serpent.

*Green.* Sheer !

*Mrs. Stick.* O Mr. Greed ! hide away the judgment,  
Pray, do not kill us by exhibiting it !

*Greed.* Fire take it !

[Throws the judgment in the fire.

Bribery's offspring corrupt !

*Green.* Bribery !

*Greed.* Ay ! Ha, there's the secret of your ill success in  
law. I bought off your lawyer !

*Green.* O Heaven, how before Thee, all appear as they  
are !

*Greed.* Ay ! and see how it burns, though it hath the hon-  
orable hoodwinked Judge's signature.

*Green.* O how the master, fire, that has overtook thee, the  
covered up truth extorts !

[Wailing is heard outside. Mrs. Stick, screaming, rushes out.

*Greed.* Why is that wailing cry ? Are there dying or dead ones in the house !

*Green.* O yes, Mr. Greed, an unfortunate family ! Since we were forced out of home, misfortunes, following one another like successive frigid blasts from the Arctic north, pursuing the expiring summer, have left us nothing but a mournful heap of death all around us.

*Greed.* O God !

*Green.* Ay, Mr. Greed !

There first fell dead our father on the threshold,  
During the sheriff's levy.

*Greed.* O cruel !

O hide me away, where your terrible brothers whom I have defrauded, may not see me ! O God, preserve me from them !

*Green.* No fear, Brass has put them in prison as non-resident debtors

*Greed.* Go, there's a golden key to procure their liberty !

[Gives the messenger, an old man, money.

You'll have no difficulty, especially as Death has overtook Brass that detained them. Where's your mother, Green ?

[Exit old Man.

*Green.* Waiting upon her adopted, daughters' sick and not expected to recover.

*Greed.* I did once have two daughters,  
Whom I, alas, did lose.

*Green.* Did you ! We never had any, and we found two.

*Greed.* Where !

*Green.* Upon a water logged ship  
Sucking dead mother's breast, whence they did draw  
Nothing but bloody drops.

*Greed.* O God, and it was at sea, I did lose my infants, with  
their mother ; the vessel, and all on board her lost at the same  
time, coming from Havana, whither my wife had been for the  
recovery of her health. Have you any tokens to identify  
them ?

*Green.* Yes, a ring of the lady's ! Here's the same !

*Greed.* My wife's, my lost wife's ! and the darlings your  
heroic brothers did rescue and adopt, the same I did lose.  
Lift me up ! O bear me to the sick couch of my new found  
jewels, !

[Green and Scalpel take up Greed hurriedly in their arms  
and exeunt.]

## CHAPTER IV.

The scene is a bed-room divided by a curtain across.  
Vials of medicine plentifully sprinkled about, with the deeply  
shaded and sallow light, sufficiently betoken a sick chamber.  
Mrs. Stick is actively officiating round inside, and sometimes  
outside, of the curtain, when enter Green Stick and Professor  
Scalpel, bearing in their arms Merchant William Greed, the  
surviving victim of the conflagration.

*Greed.* Show me my jewels, young gems and blossoms of  
my life, my infants miserably lost, now happily found !

*Mrs. Stick.* Hush ! hush !

*Greed.* Ah, why this awful stillness of the grave? Heaven witness, this moment should overflow and abound all as a laughing brook with joy.

*Mrs. Stick.* So it should, Mr. Greed! so it should, but,—

*Greed.* What?

*Mrs. Stick.* Alas, Elizabeth!

Ravaged from us by invidious monster, Death.

*Greed.* O God!

Is even all mercy now refused to Greed?

O unnatural!

*Green.* Ay, Mr. Greed!

*Greed.* Unnatural, unnatural!

*Scalpel.* Very unnatural, Greed,

As is, indeed, all of this deadly world

Filled full of plagued inhabitants.

[Loud voices are heard without.]

Here's Hard and Hickory coming.

*Greed.* O God, how can I e'er face them, I, Greed,  
The author of as many plagues as fate?

[Thereon enter Hard, Hickory, and old Man.]

Hide me, Greed, away! O God, preserve me from them!

*Hard.* Where's Greed?

*Hickory.* Grab, Ketchum and Brass dead, you say? and  
Greed laid at the point of death, touched with remorse, has  
procured our liberation?

*Greed.* O my friends,  
That were my enemies, forgive me, pray;  
Though, like the scorpion, I do feel so cruel  
And unforgiving toward my criminal self,  
I morbidly itch to die by violent stroke  
Of my own virulent phrenzied hands!

*Hard.* Wondrous! wondrous! O Greed, late our all powerful and crafty foe, what on earth has reduced you to this desperate extremity, that you embrace your enemies?

*Greed.* Judgments, judgments, that I did Villainously pluck on myself by excess of Greed!

*Hard.* How?

*Greed.* Last night, with Grab and Ketchum, I, to defraud the insurers, while applying Torch of incendiary to our empty premises, Was with the dread impetuous flames o'ertook, With this dire mortal withering effect.

*Hard.* And Grab, and Ketchum, what became of them.

*Greed.* Ere their escape they did make good, They met perdition in the immeasurable fire Whereof they were, with me, the demon author.

*Hard.* Infernal business that of incendiary!

*Greed.* Ay, yet, see how terribly recompensed, though. Look, I am burned to a cinder.

*Hard.* O dreadful sight!

*Greed.* O judgments have overtaken Greed, That he is ready even to give all up; Yea, die, and embrace the perfect shroud of earth!  
O! O!

O God, what a roasting trial thou hast put on Greed, to requite his avarice withal! I'm baked in affliction; the fire, a master of retributive fury, has repaid Greed for his cupidity.

The tables are turned aright as they should be, in spite of the imbecile old man of the bench, ever ready to let judgment go one way or other on little omission or default.

*Scalpel.* Like death perfect indifferent, they, to havoc.

*Greed.* O God, strange are thy judgments! I'm here

indebted for my last mercies to them I ruined and destroyed.  
Bring pen and paper, till I make my will.

[Pen and paper are brought accordingly.]

"I do will, bequeath and devise, my effects severally and all to my only living daughter ; and, in the event of her death, to Mrs. Stick and her sons. I further will that they be paid the value of their ship, out of which they were in one exorbitant way and another defrauded by me."

WILLIAM GREED.

[Immediately thereafter, the unhappy merchant starts up and walks the room like a haggard spectre.]

*Hard.* Go, hurry up the doctor for Mr. Greed !  
Suffering more than thought can contemplate.

[Exit messenger.]

*Greed.* Now, O my friends, have pity,  
And do pray strike me dead !

*Green.* Patience ! a few more minutes, and the doctor will arrive with a sleeping draught.

*Hard.* O sir, though toward thee while our enemy, petrified by hatred like flint, yet we do now melt like piteous snow, at beholding thee suffering, being our friend,

*Greed* O God, can never pity Greed !  
Toward others' perfect pitiless as fate.

[Enter Doctor with potion.]

*Doctor.* Mr. Greed, sir, drink this opiate.

*Greed.* No need, doctor, no need ! Ne'er opiate  
Deadly however could destroy like Greed !  
Killing all kindred like malignant plague,  
And necessarily himself made miserable, desperate.

Lo, the judgment  
Signed by a poor and languid thing of the bench ;  
The judgment that bereaved you of your right,  
And gave the Free America to Greed,  
I to the eager purging fire commit !

[Sticks the decree of court in the fire.]

*Scalpel.* The judgment to the fire ! Good ! the fire will  
take proper care of the judgment.

*Greed.* And of its scheming author, too besides !  
O ay ! Ay, ay ! Look ye, the flesh doth drop  
Piecemeal off Greed !

[Skin and flesh drop from his arms and hands, exposing  
the bare bones.]

*Green.* O suffering object ! O heart-breaking spectacle !

*Scalpel.* Harrowing, harrowing sight !

*Greed.* Never unhappier devil than Greed, who, in his  
indiscriminate cupidity, has had the misfortune to devour his  
own offspring. O infinite hell never contained more damned  
a victim !

*Scalpel.* No hell, unless this world, full of courts,  
And lazy, idle, imbecile old fools  
Signing off judgments they know nought about ;  
Creating vacancies and deserts wide ;  
Which swallow population, business and trade.

[Wailing heard without.

*Greed.* What, more lamentation of women ?

*Hard.* Ay, Mr. Greed !

*Greed.* Ominous, ominous !

[Wailing re-iterated.

*Hard.* Ay, sir !

*Greed.* I dare hardly ask for whom they do lament,



I'm Greed, a wholesale murderer ! My victims foot up  
maumerable !

*Hard.* O no good sir !

[Wailing grows louder.

*Greed.* Hark, more lamentations for Greed's victims ; his  
own offspring, O !

[Enter Mrs. Stick in tears, crying and wringing her hands.]

*Mrs. Stick.* Gone ! gone ! gone !

*Greed.* Who ?

*Mrs. Stick.* Our other little daughter. O Agnes ! O  
Elizabeth !

*Greed.* What, both my jewels ! All the world escaped  
my arms in a moment ? Desperate ! desperate, desperate !  
But Greed always is desperate ! Greed makes proverbial  
desperate neighborhood ! O God, pity ! O ! O !

[Mrs. Stick draws the curtain, and shows the corpses of  
Mr. Greed's children newly laid out.]

*Greed.* Both my children ?

*Mrs. Stick.* Dead ! dead ! dead !

[Crying and wringing her hands.]

*Greed.* O all the world's blighted, made  
Desperate by Greed's cupidity ! O ye sweet  
Babes, by inhuman father murdered !  
O ! O ! O !

[The forlorn and heart-broken parent prostrates himself  
upon, and howls dismally over, the bodies of his dead child-  
ren.]

*Hard.* Sir, sir !

*Greed.* O ! O ! O !

*Green.* Sad, sad tragedy !

*Greed.* O ! O ! O ! Cold ! cold ! cold ! my children !  
O, all the world's withered ! O Greed's desperate as scorpion,  
beset ! But Greed was ever great suicide of all related ! O  
God pity ! O God pity, and lay Greed dead beside his  
slaughtered hopes !

O God pity ! O God pity, and lay dead  
Pitiless Greed beside his slaughtered hopes !  
O ! O ! O !

[The bereaved and woful father howls dismally, while  
all the rest weep and sob aloud.]

*Green.* O sad ! sad ! sad !

*Greed.* O good God, pity, pity, and strike dead  
Pitiless Greed beside his slaughtered hopes !  
O ! O ! O !

[Howls dismally again.]

*Green.*                   Thousand times sadder  
Than winter winds howling through autumn woods,  
Strewing the path with skeleton evidences,  
With withered heaps of leaves, with death's sear trophies

*Greed.*                   Grieve not,  
O ye my enemies, alas, too late  
Befriended ! O, my blossoms that I did  
Root up ! O my poor murdered babes ! O ! O !

*All.* O Mr. Greed !

[Bystanders all weeping.]

*Greed.* Sorrow not for me ! Greed's not  
Worth one poor tear ; a wretch to scorn and hate !  
Indeed, Greed's murdered everybody ! O !

*All.* O sir, O Mr. Greed !

*Doctor.* Sir, take the opiate ! in aid of tortured nature.

[Doctor puts the potion to Greeds lips, who refuses it.]

*Greed.* Doctor, no need ! I'm going, thanks to God !  
The fire hath took me, that I suffocate.  
Greed's murdered every view but grisly sleep.  
Welcome, O vacuum, to appropriately wrap  
A desperate wretch ! Welcome ——

[Falls and dies.

*Hard.* Death !

*Scalpel.* Sable physician enough ;  
Proffering oblivion, the great cure all,  
To the else incurable !



## BOOK V.

### CHAPTER I.

The scene is a lofty hill offering a bluff precipitous face towards the sea, where it descends in a precipice of more than a thousand feet perpendicular to the haggard surge that for ever breaks and roars upon its craggy foot. Perched on the far, airy, romantic summit is a weather-beaten church with its grave-yard dotted with gray tomb-stones, appearing like the spectres of the departed. Hither enter Mrs. Stick, Hard, Hickory, Green, Scalpel and Hook. The men reverently remove their hats, while Mrs. Stick kneels, moans, and laments over the tomb-stone beneath which lay four of the unfortunate subjects of this tragedy.

*Hard.* (Reads.) Sacred to the memory of Old Stick, a veteran sea captain, and of Agnes and Elizabeth rescued by him from a sinking ship at sea. Also sacred to the memory of Wm. Greed, real father of those beloved children, who, having advanced on said Old Stick's ship, "The Free America," did thereby eat up and dispossess the owner thereof, and, by one means and another, afterwards defeated justice ; and all the substance of said Old Stick swallowed up in law, and he thrown on the world with his family, and among them his two adopted children, daughters of William Greed ; therefore, this monument, erected in obedience to William Greed's last commands, is to commemorate his profound and everlasting sorrow and repentance, to mark his gratitude to Mr. Old Stick, whom in his own words he 'persecuted with his own children into the grave ;' whom, alas, too late, he found to have been his friend more valued than all the treasures of the world.

"O God pity ! O God pity, and lay dead

Pitiless Greed beside his slaughtered hopes !"

were the last heart-rending exclamations of the unfortunate father.

[Hereon enter a group of fugitive country people, who momentarily commanding their fears, halt and turn round. Presently, a startling voice is heard without vociferating, "Look out, good people, O look out !"]

*People.* A bull ! A bull ! and a mad dog at the bull's heel ! Run for your lives, run !

[Thereupon exeunt country people at full speed.

*Scalpel.* Lo, two persons ; one a woman,  
And of most supernatural proportions ;

The other like a dwarf, the woman's husband,  
Ho hither frantically run !

*Hook.* Holloing aloud ;  
Yelping like two curs desperately pursued ;  
Frightened, as if the devil were after them !

*Scalpel.* Lo, all the plain, upon a sudden,  
Crowded with an innumerable congregation !

*Hook.* A host, whose eyes are anxiously fastened  
Upon the desperate devils racing up  
Toward the abrupt forehead of the steep.

*Scalpel.* It is the Hag of the Earth and her George !  
O praised be Heaven !  
The hypocritical soul of State Invention ;  
Mistress of Pharisees, the crucifiers of humanity,  
Particular lion-providers of atrocious tyrants.

*Green.* Yes, sir, it is the Hag of the Earth, stript of all  
her lofty pretensions, and exhibited in her original rags and  
beggarliness.

*Hook.* Amazing, if it be the fact !

*Scalpel.* 'Tis now a fact patent like daylight !

*Hook.* 'Tis immeasurably gratifying ! Indeed,  
As good as all things else beside.

*Scalpel.* Ay ! O, is it not comfortable to see the Grand-  
daughter of our Modern Babylon, stript to the People,  
stript to the Universal Enlightened Sovereign Citizens, and  
divested before Heaven, whose attributes She usurped and  
murdered ?

[In another moment enters the Granddaughter of the  
Cæsars, rushing with phrenzied precipitation upon the stage,  
followed by her George, hanging his head, and keeping shy  
of the people.]

*Hag of the Earth.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! This way, this way,  
Down the declivity, towards the precipice.  
I am driven by Commander Power forth !  
I am assigned no place in God's rapt Kingdom !  
Then immediately this way, this way,  
Down the declivity, toward the precipice,  
Desperately as water to abyss !  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

[With such frightful cachinnation, mocking and defying her unhappy circumstances like a demoniac, the Hag of the Earth, and Syren of the Waters, rushes phrenziedly back and forth. But anon, obtaining a glimpse of Professor Scalpel, she makes an instant abrupt stop.]

What, that continual Scalpel ?

*Scalpel.* Ay, madam ! that same !

*Hag of the Earth.* O devil, cruel sharp as flint,  
Or surgeon's amputating knife ! Avaunt, thou !  
Whose pitiless dissection and exposure  
Hath brought me to the shuddering fate I contemplate.

*Scalpel.* Ah, madam,  
Do not in fit of scorpion despair,  
Throw all away !

*Hag of the Earth.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !  
Being, I approach the everlasting verge,  
I'm took like water with a desperate spirit  
To leap the inevitable barrier.

[Again the distracted Syren of the Waters rushes phrenziedly back and forth.]

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! This way the precipice is !

[With such final, incongruous outburst of defiant laughter in the melancholy style of a savage Indian, the Hag of the Earth dashes off headlong like a goaded ox towards the fatal brink, followed at heels by inevitable George.]

*Scalpel.* Become grand scandal of the world, thou,  
Who as the crafty soul of State Invention,  
Managed to engross the world's idolatry,  
And even to circumvent God's sainted Kingdom  
Which immediately comes by true Enlightened Law.  
Wonderful ! See, she, that for so many hundred years  
Was servile minister upon the tyrants,  
Now exhibited in original nakedness  
And foul array appropriate for a hag.  
O greatest miracle wrought by Enlightened Law  
Exorcising the world of an evil witch,  
The crucifier and murderer of earth,  
Hypocrite mistress of all Pharisees,  
Who put on piety by way of mask,  
The easier to cut the people's throats,  
Or otherwise rob them of their sovereign rights !  
Behold, she who was once the queen pretender,  
Mistress of powers, Grand-daughter of the Cæsars,  
The most superlative actor of the world ;  
The mercenary, treacherous spirit of State devices,  
Derived of brutal Britons, and embraced,  
By a majority ignorant in great measure,  
Endorsed by thirty and odd Legislatures,  
Though crucifier and destroyer of man's race.

*Green.* O, though wretchedness were never more merited,  
yet, let us after, and hold them back from suicide !

*Hook.*

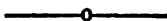
O,

What grand original, wonderful events !

*Scapel.* Ay, gentlemen ! Heaven by Divine Enlightened Law is come to his promised kingdom of perfect righteousness, while the masterly hypocrites, knaves and counterfeiters who have held usurped power so long in the world, thereby depressed and miserable, are going off to reap the eternal perdition they have made for themselves.

*Green.* Ay, 'twould appear so !

*Scapel.* Along the hill-side hurry we to where the dangerous precipice lowers to a craven crag, and thence attempt the rugged foot of the cliff, and there contemplate the last probably thrilling act of the drama.



## CHAPTER II.

The scene is another part of the declivity sloping towards the dreadful precipice, fronting the ocean. Immediately enters at a rushing pace the Hag of the Earth, haggard and wretched in the last degree, and dragging after her miserable George.

*Hag of the Earth.* I had thought  
To get into a cave in the hill-side,  
By ill-luck filled up.

*George.* Hang them, rebels ! murder them, traitors !

*Hag of the Earth.* Reduced to beggarly impotence !



I, the Granddaughter of the Cæsars !  
I'll not bear it !

[In another moment enters the Tempter, the Prince of Darkness, in a black habit, and, going close up to her ear, whispers the Mistress of Pharisees.]

*Devil.* Madam, there's an easy way to rid thyself of every unhappy recollection.

*Hag of the Earth.* What ?

*Devil.* Suicide !

*Hag of the Earth.* I must needs ! I am desperate, desperate. I embrace like water every flattering step,  
Prone for relief to attempt this awful leap !  
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! ha, ha !

[The Granddaughter of the Cæsars runs back and forth phrenziedly. Meanwhile, the black Tempter chuckles amazingly in his secret heart.]

[Perdition heard in a terrible hoarse vociferation outside.]

*Perdition.* Father ! Author ! Devil ! fill me up !

*Devil.* Patience, I'll anon !

*Perdition.* Fill me up, or I'll swallow down thee, Father  
Author ! Devil !

[The Hag meanwhile is rushing phrenziedly about, dragging the life out of wearied George.]

*Devil.*

Quiet, O son,

Being I am tempting !

Have heart, Perdition !

Victim's coming ;

[Beckons Perdition, who is waiting without, to keep quiet. Thereupon he steals up to the Hag a second time and whispers.]

Granddaughter of the Cæsars,  
Ne'er brook reverse !  
Elude enemies !  
End perplexities !  
Leap the precipice !  
Granddaughter of the Cæsars,  
Ne'er brook reverse !

[Exit the Hag dragging George, muttering with hang-dog look as he goes off.]

*George.* Hang them, rebels !  
Murder them, traitors !

[Perdition in a horrid roar is heard outside.]

*Perdition.* Father, Author, Devil ! fill me up !

*Devil.* Quiet, O son !  
Being I am tempting !  
Have heart Perdition,  
Victim's coming !

[Exit the Devil chuckling.]

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### CHAPTER III.

The scene is yet another part of the slope on the lofty hill above the precipice. Scalpel, Hook and Green are running to arrest the Lady whom they have momentarily lost sight of, but presently discover again.

*Green.* Lo, yonder, is the Granddaughter and her father George.

*Scalpel.* Running headlong in danger like the surge before the final bar, with a huge, distracted, swaggering, mountainous, defying air, reckless of consequence.

*Green.* O ne'er more haggard objects seen  
In all the abused ocean's coasts !

[Hereon enter the Hag of the Earth phrenzied and dragging wearied George after her.]

*Hag of the Earth.* This way, O George ! This way, O Father !

*George Third.* Hang your treacherous endorsers, the Legislatures, who did draw back and leave us nnfortunate twain to fight it out togetner.

*Hag of the Earth.* Hark ! more people hollooming at our heels !

[Vociferous cries of stop the desperate woman are heard without.]

Devils eager to catch me, and, thereon,  
Put me on exhibition !

*George Third.* Hang them, rebels ! murder them, traitors !

[Thereon exeunt Hag of the Earth in phrenzy, dragging after her George.]

[Immediately enter sundry excited people who rush across the stage vociferating, and importunately waving their hands by way of arresting the Lady's desperate intention.]

*People.* Ho, stop the woman !  
Desperate and contemplating suicide !  
Ho, stop the woman !  
Ho, stop the desperate woman and her husband !

*Green.* Look, a great crowd  
Waving their hands, with passionate energy,  
To frighten and arrest the desperate creature.

[Again re-enter the tall Hag of the Earth, still having hold of George, whom she drags after her, and encourages with a good word now and then.]

*Hag of the Earth.* This way, O George! the other way  
is barred  
By crowd of people. This way, O dear George!

[The Hag taking up darling George in her arms, rushes past the leaders of Rapturous University, who make assiduous but futile efforts to stop her.]

*Hook.* We have pursued you, madam, afraid that in thy black despair, thou would'st like water do some desperate act, rush upon your end; or leap the dismal bar the Almighty hath set against self-destruction.

*Scalpel.* Madam, we encourage thee  
To go back to our Rapturous University,  
And there be graduate of Nature's law  
Rapturous and cheap, the sovereign thing entirely.

[The Hag having removed to a safe distance, sets down George and summons all her pride to support her in her ragged and fallen condition, of reduced and excruciating wretchedness.]

*Hag of the Earth.* I'll not bear it! The Granddaughter  
of the Cæsars

Ne'er brooks so great reverse.

*Scalpel.* O madam!  
Return to Rapturous University.

*Hag of the Earth.* I'll never ! What, acknowledge  
My bane and poison ! Granddaughter of the Cæsars  
Ne'er brooks so great reverse !

*Hook.* Madam, go back !  
Rapturous University's the general hope.

*Hag of the Earth.* My curse on Rapturous University !

[Lifts hands and solemnly execrates

*George Third.* Our curse on Rapturous University !

[Lifts hands and solemnly execrates.

*Scapel.* Your curse falls harmless ! No more Pharisees,  
nor covert and hypocrite creatures of thine remain.

*Hook.* Madam,  
We offer harbor fair, yea, joy for ever  
In Rapturous University.

*Scapel.* Where you can throw off the evil inveterate habits,  
and bad practices you have acquired from the Cæsars.

*Hag of the Earth.* Rapturous University ! Speak not of  
that hath put me desperate, yea, filled me like unto water  
rushing down with phrenzied thoughts of suicide.

*Scapel.* Ah, madam, speak not of desperate, nor of suicide,  
in the view of Rapturous University. Come, madam ! step  
in the carriage, pray ; and accompany us.

[The Granddaughter of the Cæsars evades their zealous  
efforts by a sudden leap, and exits, venting her usual wild,  
unearthly, and diabolical cachinnations.

Presently enter George with his head hung like a cow-  
ardly dog, skulking, shying off, and evading ; hurrying his  
steps as he passes the leaders of Rapturons University and  
so exits.]

OR, HAG OF THE EARTH, AND SYREN OF THE WATERS.

*Scalpel.* There goes George after her ; faithful to  
Hag, he, at least.

*Hook.* For which enter credit to miserable account of  
dotard bankrupt.

*Scalpel.* Lo, destitute and all forsaken, they,  
Who usurped heaven, and put world in misery,  
And arrogated to settle all by inventions  
Themselves exorbitant were authors of ;  
To keep the earth in everlasting gulf ;  
Steeped to the darling heart in cankering grief ;  
Ruled ignorant world with almighty sway,  
Crucifying it by their peculiar law !

*Hook.* The people look with beaming expectation ;  
Brightening and lightening up as if with hope,  
These haggard twain will end by suicide  
In frightful leap from off the Lion's Head.

*Green.* O ne'er more haggard things were seen  
In ghastly moon by aid of telescope  
Upon a shivering winter's night !

*Scalpel.* She that did keep the world in the gulf,  
Bordering upon abhorred perdition,  
Mankind enlightened, raptured away,  
Perdition, wanting for more withered victims,  
Now draws herself to glut its immeasurable  
And abysmal overwhelming bowels withal.

*Green.* See, embrace the pair !

*Hook.* And thereupon fall prone !

*Scalpel.* Locked in one another's arms, roll down to  
the verge of horror.

*Hook.* A thousand feet of vacuum !

*Green.* God's, she's over !

*Hook.* And George with her !

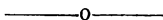
*Scalpel.* Give them credit for love in misfortune, which a hard thing it is to do.

*Hook.* Wonder, a haggard miserable twain could keep  
In affections nice and delicate traces !

*Scalpel.* There put a credit to his poor account,  
Who hung such mountain debt round England's neck.

*Hook.* In truth, their mutual faith is sorely tried.

*Scalpel.* In this same grisly battle with misfortune,  
A capital bottle-holder is their pride,  
That is like world's fortress, Gibraltar,  
Impregnable, not to be subdued ever.



#### CHAPTER IV.

The scene is the throbbing ocean's shore. The time, mid-  
night. Ever and anon, flashes the lightning, which the dark-  
ness like the jaws of immeasurable monster, swallows instan-  
taneously up. Here enter Scalpel, Hook and Green, followed  
by an excited crowd of people.

*Scalpel.* What with the lightning, what with the instant  
gloom,

Swallowing the quivering lightning up ; and what  
With roar of attendant thunder, 'tis a night  
Of most unrivalled perdition.

*Hook.* If not  
Perdition, 'tis its capital counterpart.

*Green.* We are too late ! The tide hath floated away the bodies.

*Scalpel.* That of the Hag ! As for George, he was no more than the meagrest, attenuatedst ghost, since the revolution drove out his armed forces ; prolonging by the Hag of State Inventions a cruel and revengeful existence destructive to the citizens, principally by reason of endless degrading rent and taxation as the reptile is dangerously powerful by its tail long after his body is dead and impotent.

*Hook.* Take both withering monsters together, they were an awful curse and deadly draw-back to the meridian development of our national energies.

*Scalpel.* Under hypocritical cover of the Hag, George did manage to exist like the same almighty dogged King that he was before the serene revolution under Washington that purged out his hireling force.

*Hook.* Truly, the twain were in cordial confederacy like man and wife, albeit unknown to us

*Scalpel.* I fear, the Hag, though disembodied,  
Hangs like concealed plague about the world,  
Ready on heated opportunity  
To recommence her pestilent work.

*Hook.* 'Tis a dreadful night  
Darkness perfect opaque like Erebus,  
Or unnatural cavern regions of despair.

*Scalpel.* There's light enough to show  
World's deadly neighbor hitherto, Perdition.

*Hook.* Perdition ! where ?

*Scalpel.* Contemplate the light, that ever and anon  
Flashes out of the west ; thereon the darkness,  
Like enormous open jaws of hippopotamus  
Shutting straightway upon't.



*Hook.* Ay !

*Scapel.*

Behold,

The world's environment hitherto, **Perdition**,  
With tenfold more immeasurable throat,  
And hungry maw, than ocean.

*Hook.*

**Perdition !**

And, too, wide open !

*Scapel.*

But open

To swallow up the villainous Hag of the **Earth**  
That arbitrated to usurp God's fair creation  
By her peculiar cut-throat notions.

*Hook.* She perishes unregretted,  
Like an incurable hag and prostitute.

*Scapel.* Stand on this rock, and witness  
The perfectest miracle of all the ages  
Now being accomplished.

*Hook.* What, sir !

*Scapel.* The final exit of the iniquitous thing  
Who almost rode the subject world to death

*Hook.* What, do you now see her ?

*Scapel.* Lo, yonder in the water is the Hag and her **George**,  
and all they who bestrode the world like its colossal rider,  
do presently have to hold on to is a poor spar.

[Two haggard objects are seen in the water struggling to maintain themselves on a plank. The Devil is seen on a rock running about with masterly agility, and chuckling at the abject plight of his victims.]

*Perdition.* Father, Author, Devil ! Fill me up !  
You'd better, or I'll straightway swallow thee !

*Devil.* Patience, I'll anon !

*Perdition.* Fill me up ! I'm **Perdition**,

World's environment, that must be filled !  
Fill me up, Devil, or I'll swallow thee !

[The Prince so stimulated by his amiable son, quickens his steps wonderfully.]

*Scalpel.* Finally, behold that dreadful rampant Hag,  
Termagant cause of the world's misery,  
Floating away, and clinging to her, George,  
Of loathed memory.

*Hook.* Both going to abhorred Perdition's throat ;  
Approaching it by innumerable circles,  
Every one narrower than preceding ones,  
Until—

*All.* They are swallowed  
Up in Perdition !

[The spectators shiver and vociferate in horror. At the exact moment indicated by the startling outcry, the bystanders, by the quivering play of the lurid lightning, see through the darkness, like the opening and shutting again of immeasurable monster's jaws.]

*Scalpel..*                      The world's saved !  
Magnetically enlightened, raptured, and united ;  
Merged into heaven's broad, and perfect light.  
Praised be Almighty God !

[Thereupon the spectators reverently disperse.]











JAN 8 - 1940





